

MISSIONS

A BAPTIST MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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1918
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Democracy and Righteousness

"OUR NATION IS ENGAGED IN A WAR FOR DEMOCRACY, FOR GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE. OUR COUNTRY OWES ITS GREATNESS TO THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA, BUT PERMANENT SAFETY LIES IN THE RIGHT-EOUSNESS OF THE NATION. IF THE GREAT CHRISTIAN BODIES ARE NOW FAITHFUL TO THE IDEALS OF THEIR MASTER, THE WORLD WILL BE MADE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY. BUT WE CAN FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY UNTIL ALL OUR MEN GO OVER THE TOP AND NEVER REALIZE OUR IDEALS UNTIL DEMOCRACY AND CHRISTIANITY GO HAND IN HAND. WE CANNOT AFFORD TO GIVE BY THE BILLIONS TO POLITICAL DEMOCRACY AND BY A FEW MEAGRE MILLIONS TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL OF JESUS. WE MUST GIVE OF OUR ALL TO BOTH OR LOSE ALL. WE MUST SEND OUT BOTH SOLDIERS OF WAR AND SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS. THIS IS THE BIG, URGENT, IMPERATIVE CHALLENGE OF THIS HOUR! *YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE.*"

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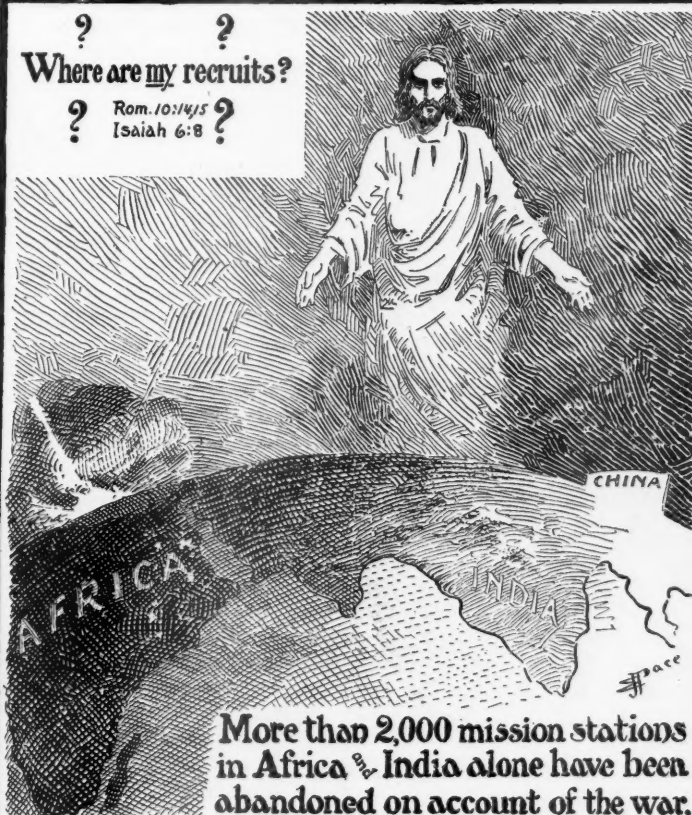
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? ?
Where are my recruits?
? *Rom. 10:14/5* ?
? *Isaiah 6:8* ?



**More than 2,000 mission stations
in Africa & India alone have been
abandoned on account of the war,
leaving 700,000 native Christians shepherdless!**



ANNE HASSELTINE JUDSON, 1826

From an Engraving published in the *Ladies' Repository*, 1860, and loaned to MISSIONS for this reproduction. The name Anne is given as in the magazine, tho Ann is now the accepted spelling. This was Adoniram Judson's first wife, the "heroine of Ava" whose sufferings, bravery, and pathetic death at Amherst form one of the remarkable romances of missions. Read *Ann of Ava*.

MISSIONS

VOLUME 9

OCTOBER, 1918

NUMBER 9

In the October Vestibule



MISSIONS is filled with special inspirations to personal service this month. The spirit of service is in the atmosphere about us. It breathes forth from every battlefield and camp, from every mission field and outpost. It challenges the churches, the pastors and members individually, the missionary societies and workers at home and abroad, the last man and woman who has a thought for human welfare, Christian obligation, the production of a better world.

That appealing picture on the first page (705) brings its direct message. Recruit in the field or recruit in the home reserves—one or other each one of us must be if we are to be true to the Captain of our Salvation. Anne Hasseltine Judson's portrait from an old print recalls scenes of missionary heroism, and reminds us that woman has never been lacking in this high trait, never more conspicuous for it than now.

Then comes a remarkable story of attack and escape from South China—poor harassed, distracted China, sharing with Russia our commiseration and hope for better days. Dr. Newman shows how the missionary stays at his post of service at the risk of his life. The people of Unkung will never forget him. Next we have a life story told by the Rev. A. B. DeRoos, a Home Mission Society evangelist who reveals the power of the Gospel and joins the ranks of the Living Witnesses. A page of missionary history places Johnathan Goble, pioneer missionary to Japan, in the right light. The patriotic appeal is followed by a missionary story, "The Golden Girl," and then a French chaplain shows how the soldier boys are "Losing their lives to find them."

From field to field you are drawn on—China, Assam, the Colporter in the West, Japan, India. The news is panoramic, worldwide—all instinct with life. The practical side is not neglected, and Helping Hand and Tidings disclose manifold activities by the women. The World Wide Guild has some fine programs, and is full of ambition and progress, as one would expect. The boys are not the only ones to be at the front, and the military is not the only contest that is on.

Do not fail to note the pages which set forth Enlistment Week so suggestively. That is a Week to prepare for and make tell when it comes—tell for all the future. One challenge the soldier boys are going to put up to the Church of Christ when they come back—that is whether the Church has in it the same spirit of altruism or self-sacrifice that has been born in them thru the storm and agony of the battlefield. To meet that challenge we must be getting ready now. It will not do to wait. That spirit His Church ought to have, for it is the spirit of Jesus Christ.

October is a good number, every page of it.

At the Mercy of a Mob

BY HENRY W. NEWMAN, M.D., OF UNGKUNG, SOUTH CHINA

*A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF A NARROW AND WONDERFUL
ESCAPE FROM DEATH — SAVED BY A FAITHFUL COOLIE*



ON the afternoon of June 18, I was at the mission residence at Ungkung when about four o'clock a number of people from the village, about half way between the residence and the north gate of the city, came running to tell me that a band of soldiers of the northern army were looting their village. I went with them and found soldiers in regular uniform everywhere through the village carrying off the people's clothes and other property.

I went among a number of them and was about to try to persuade them to leave the people of the village in peace. I started by telling them that I was the American doctor from the hospital; my house coolie was standing beside me, and I had hardly started talking to the soldiers when one of them standing behind aimed a blow with a club at my coolie's head. I reached up my cane to ward off the blow and at the same instant was myself beaten to the ground with blows from heavy bamboo poles and wooden clubs from all sides. I got to my feet and took more blows, my coolie taking a good deal of the punishment intended for me.

One of the soldiers in the crowd of twenty or more had a rifle; he stood off and loaded the rifle and urged on by the others (who then stood off to give him room) was apparently about to shoot me point-blank. My coolie put himself in front of me and as he did so I stepped back through a doorway into a family courtyard. My coolie followed me in and tried to close the gates, the soldiers all the time beating him and beating at the gates. While he held them for the minute, I went through a further door into a compartment of a house. The coolie followed me and managed to close the doors of the compartment. The soldiers beat upon these doors and then fired several rifle shots through the doors aiming toward the

different corners of the room. Finally they were successful in beating down a second door to the same room; as they did so I opened the first door and stepped out into the court holding up my hands.

The mob of soldiers rushed upon me and beat me with clubs and poles. By this time my clothes were in shreds and I was bleeding profusely from several wounds; scalp, one arm and both legs. They then bound my hands behind my back with rope, and still beating me, ordered me to march. They marched me out of the village over the open road toward the north gate of the city, passing the hospital compound with the American flag flying on the left. I stopped and faced them and in spite of their beating and urging me forward told them that I belonged to that hospital and to that flag.

By this time there were two hundred or more soldiers in the mob, and as it gained in size the mob spirit rose. Going by the hospital one of my assistants tried to join me but was beaten and kicked into a rice field and fired at as he made his way off. They drove me, at the end of the rope and with constant beating, in the north gate and through the streets of the city, I leaving a trail of blood on the road. Finally they stopped on the edge of a pond, evidently to decide what to do with me next. Some were for tying my feet also and throwing me into the pond, others were for beating me to death, and still others were for just shooting me and being done with it quickly.

While they were arguing I saw one soldier close by who was looking directly at me. I called him over and called his attention anew to the fact that I was an American citizen. He spoke to the leaders who had been beating me and advised them to turn me loose. Evidently there were a good many in the mob who were of like mind, and for a minute it looked as though there might be a free fight to decide the

question. Finally this fellow came and untied the rope from my wrists and told me to go. I did so and returned to the hospital without being troubled further.

There I had my wounds dressed and learned that as soon as the mob started to beat me the word spread very rapidly. All four of the city gates were closed, preventing any civilian from entering the city where were all the officials. At the beginning of the affair one of my assistants hearing that the soldiers had attacked me had tried to come out to the village to help me but had been driven off by rifle shots. He and several others from the hospital compound had then tried to run to inform the army officials inside the city, but had been prevented by the armed sentries from entering the gates.

About fifteen minutes after I had reached the hospital a messenger from the commanding general came to me to find out for him the extent of my injuries. I dictated a short statement in Chinese and signing it sent it to him asking verbally for a guard for that night for the hospital and for the mission residence. This the messenger promised I should have. By daylight the next morning when I left for Swatow I had had neither answer nor guard from General Cang nor from any other official.

On examination I proved to have no broken bones and no internal injuries, but after several days' rest I was still quite weak, presumably from loss of blood and nervous shock. After nearly three weeks I have almost entirely recovered from my injuries. We are resting in Shanghai in the Stafford's house and expect to go shortly to Mokansan.

The Consul has said that for the present none of us shall return to Ungkung without first consulting him. I think he is quite right about that. Personally I could not consent to having my wife and baby go back until there is a discontinuance of fighting in that vicinity. Since December we had lived right under the aim of the northern batteries mounted on the hills to the north and east, and when fighting was resumed on June first and second our house was used as cover by southern troops and was hit by rifle bullets and was in the line of shrapnel fire. We got out

only when the shelling started up anew in the night time, the shells flying and bursting all around the house. I returned after taking my family to a place of safety and stayed two weeks or so longer. I stayed because I had many wounded people in the hospital, both civilian and soldiers of both armies. Mr. Lewis came up and stayed with me several days and together we tried to get the army officials to control the looting and other barbarities. I stayed after he left because I still had the sick and because the people of Ungkung begged me not to go away.

The morning that Mr. Lewis left I walked with him as far as across the river and on coming back by the same road saw a number of people already preparing to leave because we were leaving; they stayed when I assured them I was not leaving. Shopkeepers came and begged me to just come and sit in front of their shops a few minutes. Many came begging for my card for protection against the soldiers; that of course I could not give them, even the Christians.

A brief account of experiences previous to this attack may be of interest. When the northern troops attacked the city of Ungkung, on June 1 and 2, several wounded soldiers of both northern and southern armies found their way to our hospital. On Monday when I returned from taking my wife and family to a place of safety, I received a call from an officer representing General Cang and bringing the General's card, asking me to take care of whatever wounded came, until the Army Red Cross detachments could move up. The people of Ungkung were fleeing in thousands to escape the barbarities of the northern soldiers. They had already commenced the looting and killing of innocent people. I went to General Kau and protested against these barbarities. He excused himself by saying that the local bandits were responsible for most of it but that he would constantly try to catch any bandits, or soldiers either, who were mistreating the people.

On Wednesday, June 12, the Chief of the Red Cross with Cang's Army came asking, for Cang, whether in case of necessity I could handle two or three hundred wounded men. I said that I could. He

then presented me with a proclamation from Cang, designating me as a Red Cross Agent, and the Mission Hospital as a Red Cross Hospital. This proclamation was posted outside the hospital (and was in plain view of the soldiers as they drove me past the hospital). This proclamation was also posted in duplicate in prominent places about the city by Cang's own agents.

On Tuesday, June 11, the Provost Marshal of General Kau came to return a call at the mission residence, Rev. George W. Lewis and myself receiving him. He promised us that he would speedily put a stop to all looting and disorder. He said he would be glad if we could help to get the Ungkung people to return and open their

shops. We said that we were not in a position to make any promises toward helping to get the people to come back.

Four days later General Cang arrived in Ungkung. I wrote him a letter saying that I expected to call upon him and expressing sorrow over the fact that atrocities were still being committed every day in and about Ungkung. He replied the same day, thanking me for calling his attention to the disorders and promising to deal vigorously with them. On Monday, June 17, four soldiers caught looting a shop were publicly beaten at Cang's orders and driven through the streets. This I learned only after the attack on myself on Tuesday, the day following.

Shanghai, China.

THE TWO ARMIES

BY LORENA W. BURKE

THERE are two armies fighting for righteousness, brotherhood, and peace. One is an enormous host assembled at the call of duty and composed of the finest young men who were ever formed into an army. These men carry in their hearts a determination to see liberty and justice established, but in their hands they carry the horrible weapons of modern warfare. In dollars, it costs billions and billions to support this army, yet this money is cheerfully, even gladly, given. In sacrifice, it will cost so much blood that one shudders to make an estimate. Before its purpose is accomplished, whole countries will be devastated, invaluable monuments of the past destroyed, villages and towns wiped out, their peoples exterminated, the hearts of mothers broken, a million children made orphans, and millions of men's lives lost.

There is another army fighting for righteousness, brotherhood, and peace. It was organized 2,000 years ago when Christ gave his great command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This army, though small, is composed of the bravest young men and women in the whole country. They carry in their hearts the spirit of God and in their hands the peaceful weapons of Christian warfare. In money it costs little to support this army, for its members work at starvation wages, with little equipment, long hours, and few furloughs. In sacrifice they give years of their own lives but they require little of the people at home. They neither make waste of any country, nor destroy the monuments of the past, make orphans of children, break the hearts of women, or take the life of any human being. Instead, they bring prosperity, they heal the sick, lead the blind, make homes for orphans and widows and take the Gospel of Salvation to down-hearted, downtrodden, and hopeless peoples.

The first army is supported by wholehearted devotion and loyalty, by hours of labor, by billions in money, and by daily and hourly prayers for their safety and for their success.

The second army is supported by half-hearted loyalty and devotion on the part of comparatively few, by limited funds and by occasional prayers for their success and safety. The saddest part is that if this little second army had been enlarged and been fully equipped and heartily supported the first great army with its enormous toll in lives would have been unnecessary.

But now we have these two armies. Both are ours. Both are necessary. Both represent us. Both are composed of our sons and daughters. Is it fair to support one so much better than the other?

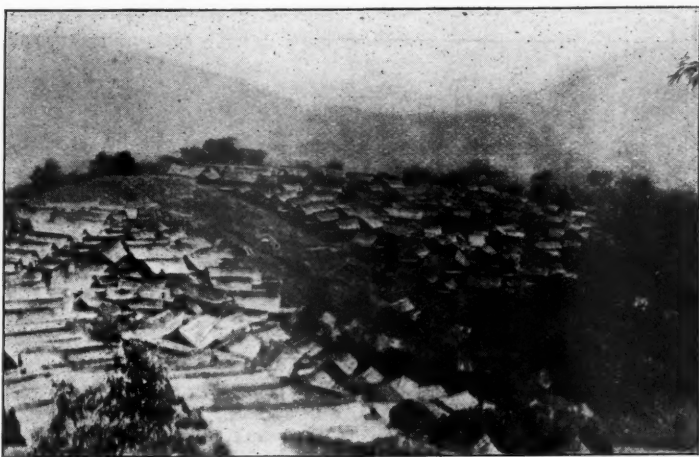
MISSION STORIES TOLD IN PICTURES

(Photos and Captions by Cecil G. Fielder.)



MEANS OF CROSSING BRAHMAPUTRA AT SADIYA

Owing to the shallowness of the Brahmaputra at Sadiya, the river must be crossed by dug-out. So treacherous is the stream, with shifting sandbars and alternate shallow and deep places, that the boatman will not undertake the task at night. The capsizing of the craft in the dark might mean the loss of all hands. The picture shows, in addition to the boatmen and the little son of one of them, one of Mr. Jackman's preachers, who is about to go across.



A NAGA VILLAGE, ASSAM

This Naga village is on the road to Impur, Assam, which lies over the mountain in the background. Most Naga villages are perched upon the highest ridges of the mountains, their bamboo houses clinging precariously to the precipitous slopes. In the days before British domination, when inter-tribal warfare flourished, it was necessary to locate the villages in these lofty places in order to defend them. From here the watching people could detect their approaching enemies, and from their superior position could effectively defend themselves. From one of the Government rest houses, fifteen of these villages can be counted, each with a population of one thousand or more, and each now predominantly Christian through the friendly influence of the missionaries at Impur.

MISSION STORIES TOLD IN PICTURES



CUMBUM STATION, INDIA

As in America, the railway station in India is always an interesting place. The buildings are substantially constructed, of brick or stone, and offer ample accommodations for passengers. The crowd at the station consists of a motley throng of ordinary travelers, pilgrims, police and the usual "hangers-on," known the world over. This picture of Cumbum station, in the South India Mission, shows the typical carts of the district, drawn by bullocks. These beasts are capable of the magnificent speed of from three to three and one-half miles an hour if they are sufficiently goaded by the driver's sharp stick and if he twists their tails severely enough. From ten to fifteen miles is considered an average day's journey by bullock cart in many parts of India. It is often no "joy ride," for the roads are rough and there are no springs on these carts.



NON-CHRISTIAN KACHINS, MYITKYINA (MYIT'-CHE-NAH)

This is a fair example of non-Christian Kachin men in their work-a-day garb. These men were near Myitkyina, in Upper Burma, making their way northward toward the China border. Since it is a land infested with tigers, leopards, wild elephants and other dangerous beasts, the Kachins always carry long knives, such as is in the sheath at the waist of the man in the center. These are also used for cutting bamboo and, in fact, for all kinds of purposes. There are now many Kachin Christians, who have been reached by the missionaries at Myitkyina, Bhamo and Namkham.



APPROACHING THE PORTO RICAN COAST AT SUNSET

A Remarkable Life Story

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY REV. A. B. DEROOS

A HOME MISSION SOCIETY EVANGELIST AMONG LATIN-AMERICANS



I WAS born in Amsterdam, Holland, of Jewish parents. In our home the observance of fasts and feasts and Sabbaths was very strictly kept. The outstanding things in my mind as a child were these feast and fast days, according to Jewish custom, among them New Year's Day. There were no meals prepared on these fast days and prayers were offered all day, from sunrise to sunset.

The eight days of the Passover were a time of joy and prayer. How well I remember the celebration of the Passover feast, when father would sit at the head of the table, dressed in his long white shroud, and explain to us the marvelous deliverance of God's people out of Egypt. Upon the Passover table, among other things, there were three unleavened breads, separated by a white napkin. The first represented God; the second, the priest, and the third, Israel. Only one of these unleavened breads was broken during the ceremony. The strange fact is that the one representing the priest or mediator is the one which is broken. Of this the whole family received a small portion together with some bitter herbs. Afterwards the portion that was left would be placed between two pillows at the side of my

father, who would then during all the ceremony incline upon those pillows. Very little did I understand at that time the spiritual significance, but now I can see it in all its bearing—father dressed in his grave clothes, resting upon the broken body of the mediator. It was a long time, however, before I myself took my place with Christ in death and learned to rest on His sacrifice.

As all Jewish boys have to learn some trade, I was informed by my father that the most possible thing for me would be to become an apprentice to a diamond cutter. This apprenticeship I served for three years and a half, but I was never satisfied and could not persuade myself that my time should be spent cutting diamonds. Shortly after I finished my apprenticeship an opportunity opened for me to go to America to join very wealthy relatives. Here was a great combination,—plenty of money to be had and the chance to go to the land of my dreams, where every one could enjoy full personal liberty and not be bound by the old world's system of caste and class.

When I arrived in New York harbor and caught sight of the great Statue of Liberty, I climbed to the railing of the ship and waved my hand to that wonderful hand, which seemed to say, "Come on in, you are as welcome as the flowers." There was only one disappointment when I came

to New York. I expected to find Indians and be at once supplied with a revolver. I soon adjusted myself, however, to things American, and found that I was in the right place to begin the life of a freedman.

For two years I remained in Chicago, and then started out to seek what I believed to be true liberty; and being licensed during the World's Fair season, I was employed on the grounds of the Fair and there became acquainted with a number of people who showed me what they called "real life." I afterwards went to thirteen different cities in the United States, just seeking pleasure. There were weeks when I hardly would see daylight, only leaving my apartment when the lights were lit, and then I joined a theatrical company, and went with them on the road, visiting many cities and performing under many strange and curious conditions.

While in Philadelphia the company was stranded. I met a young man there who invited me to his mother's home. One Sunday morning I visited their home. It was the first Christian family that I had ever come in contact with. How different it was from the surroundings that I had been used to—so-called "high life,"—swell society, the stage and the ballroom. Here was a quiet, elderly Christian lady, in a peaceful middle-class home. She at once invited me to remain with them if I did not care to return to the hotel. Afterwards she said, when I asked her why she did this, "I knew you were some mother's boy, and felt you needed the care just then of some other boy's mother."

Although this woman was a Christian, I would not allow her to speak to me about Christianity, for I hated everything connected with Christ and His people, hating Him with such fierce hatred that I would spew out every time I heard His name pronounced.

While in conversation one day this lady said to me, "I wish I had your faith in God." I answered her, "I always use the prayers my mother taught me." She replied, "I also teach my children to pray." Laughing outright at the ridiculous idea of a gentile teaching her children to pray, I asked her, "Would you mind telling me what are those prayers?" Then she repeated to me the Lord's

Prayer, which I liked very much because there was no mention of the name of Christ in the same, so I said to her, "Will you teach me this prayer?" And so every night after repeating my Jewish prayers taught me in my old home, I would call down to her and say, "I am ready," and she would repeat word for word the Lord's Prayer, which I would say after her. This was the beginning of a new life.

Some weeks afterwards this lady invited me to go and hear a concert at the Grace



REV. A. B. DE ROOS

Baptist Temple in Philadelphia. It was the first time in my life that I had entered a Christian church, for I was taught that I could not pray for thirty days if I entered such a place. The music was charming, and I was so well pleased at what I had heard and seen, that the next Sunday night, expecting more music, I returned to the church.

To my surprise this was not a concert night, and the pastor, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, preached a wonderful sermon to young business men. Then, when the invitation was extended to the after meeting, some gentlemen walking over to me and asking me if I would not like to go to the after meeting, not knowing what an after meeting might be, and the gentleman being so polite, I dared not refuse. When we came to the lower temple, after a few hymns, Dr. Conwell gave out the invita-

tion to young men who desired, to enlist Christ as an example in their lives. Here I raised my hand for prayer, and soon afterward some one took me to the front and Dr. Conwell asked me to visit him the next Friday night.

When I came out of the church I cried like a child, for I felt that I had disgraced my nation and family by asking those Christian people to pray for me. When I reached my home, this lady asked me where I had spent the evening. "Oh," I said, "I went to that church and made a fool of myself by asking people to pray for me." What made things worse for me, instead of what I expected, some words of encouragement, she put her arms around me and kissed me, and going to her room she returned with the Bible. This book I studied night and day almost for two weeks. Then one night, reading the passage where Simeon took the child Christ in his arms and said, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy glory," I saw the light and accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. The first prayer I made then and there was, "O Lord, I accept Jesus as Thy Son and promise Him to follow wherever He leads, no matter the cost." Little did I know then how far He would lead me around this world to tell of His wonderful love.

The next night I was on a mission platform telling the wondrous story. As soon as I found that Christ was the Lord, that same night I wrote to my dear mother a letter of thirty-six pages, telling her of the wonderful Saviour I had found. But how dreadful and painful were the days that followed, when my mother cursed me, and my family reproached me in the vilest manner; when I lost every relative and Jewish friend I ever had — rejected by my own people and looked upon with some suspicion by Christians.

All Jewish converts must face this. It is hard to lose one's own family and be counted as one dead by them, but the hardest part is to be looked upon with suspicion and distrust by Christians, who somehow or other always seem to attribute the conversion of a Jew to some material purpose or advantage.

To avoid this, I at once plunged into

self-support for my education and took up independent slum work in the city of Philadelphia, where for awhile I carried out my plan as a midnight slum worker. Then came the call to the foreign field. I had always felt that I should preach the Gospel where it had never been preached before. The opportunity presented itself for me to go to Central America as an industrial missionary, which greatly appealed to me, because I could earn my living and at the same time preach the Gospel.

My first work was among the Indians of Rio Frio, between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. The industrial part of the work did not meet our expectations. After awhile I went out independently to start work in the Republic of Nicaragua. No missionary work had been done there except on the Mosquito Coast by the Moravians. Colporters and missionaries had passed through Nicaragua. One of the latter, after having been two days in Granada, was poisoned.

When I arrived in Nicaragua, there was not an evangelical Christian in that whole country. When I left it, there were a number of strong congregations with church buildings, and a number of groups of believers in almost every town and village. Those pioneer days were days of severe persecution. The priests would attack me on the streets, and in hotels and railroad cars. They would burn our Bibles on the public dumping grounds, excommunicate me publicly in every town I went, urging the people to curse and stone me. For three long years I never walked the streets but what stones would fly everywhere. Never did I preach the gospel sermon but what the mob would throw stones, come with knife and revolver and threaten to take my life. These were days of great personal danger. Often I have seen men come to me at unexpected moments with either a knife or revolver in hand, but through it all He who said, "Lo, I am with you always," fulfilled His promise and kept me to the end.

One day my wife and myself, with our little baby, only one year old, had to flee three times for our lives. Yet through it all men and women accepted the Gospel, and at the end of three years a number of strong congregations were established.

On account of the sickness of my wife, I returned to the United States and was invited to take up work among the foreign-speaking people at the World's Fair grounds in St. Louis. Speaking five different languages, I came in touch with thousands of people, and many were brought to the Lord. Sunday services in the large Y. M. C. A. tent were conducted in Spanish. Two or three hundred would be in attendance. Among them Spanish-speaking Indians of this country, Mexicans, Spaniards, Filipinos, Arabians and representatives from Morocco would meet and for the first time in their lives hear the Gospel story.

Having become intensely interested in the Filipino constabulary, one of our wealthy New York women provided the means for me to go to the Philippines and work as a special evangelist, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., among the Filipino soldiers. This gave me a field of twenty-five thousand men for whose spiritual and moral welfare I became responsible. After a very successful campaign, both among the native soldiers and the American army and navy, the Roman Catholic authorities interfered and made it almost impossible for me to continue my special line of work.

So for a while I went to the Igoots, in Northern Lugon, but on account of the health of my wife and other circumstances, we returned again to Central America, where we remained one year and then went to Costa Rica. Here a great revival, which has been upon Central America for the last six years, was begun. Night after night for weeks and weeks a great crowd filled the mission hall, and many were converted. Among these was the nephew of the president of the Republic and a firm atheist, a bright boy, who is now one of the most humble preachers of the Word, paying all his own expenses and those of a number of native evangelists also.

From Costa Rica I went on to the Panama Canal Zone. Here I held three evangelistic meetings, each lasting three months, both among the white and colored people, with wonderful results. Uncle Sam filled the canal with water; we filled

it with glory! Among the numbers that were baptized in a little pool at the bottom of the Canal one morning, I witnessed one of the missionaries baptize seventy persons. So anxious were the people to study the Bible that they would get up at half-past four in the morning in order to attend the Bible Class, which numbered 150 to 200. At one place we had a Bible Class which ran for seven weeks every night, Saturday included.

From the Panama Canal Zone I returned for another evangelistic meeting in Costa Rica; then back to the United States, and into Mexico.

In Mexico, when I arrived in the city there were thirty thousand cases of typhus fever. It was not a very good time to hold special meetings, but without any advertising or any previous arrangements, the crowds filled our church and so many gathered that we could not find even standing room. We removed the meetings to the large Methodist hall, where every night for three weeks more than two thousand people listened to the Gospel story. Over seven hundred Roman Catholics were converted during those meetings, one of these being a woman who had been a nun for eight years in the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Monterey. This makes two nuns and also two priests who have been converted during my evangelistic work. Another of the converts in Mexico City is the private secretary of President Carranza, a noble young Christian man. In Monterey, Mexico, in that wonderful church under the guidance of its pastor, Brother Borocio, services were held for twenty-three days and two hundred names were received as candidates for church membership. From Monterey I went to Porto Rico for three months, and there also great crowds attended all the meetings and over three hundred professed conversion.

As I look back over the twenty-three years of missionary service, I can see a number of men and women who accepted the Gospel during these meetings, who are now serving as pastors, evangelists, missionaries and Bible teachers in different lands.

SURELY GOD HAS GREATLY HONORED THIS SERVANT OF HIS

War-Time Prayer

BY REV. P. H. J. LERRIGO

"And another angel came and stood close to the altar, carrying a censer of gold; and abundance of incense was given to him that he might place it, with the prayers of all God's people, upon the golden altar which was in front of the throne. And the smoke of the incense rose into the presence of God from the angel's hand, and mingled with the prayers of His people. So the angel took the censer, and filled it with fire from the altar and flung it to the earth; and there followed peals of thunder, and voices, and flashes of lightning, and an earthquake."—Rev. 8 : 3-5 (Weymouth).

DOES PRAYER ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING?

The human heart says it does

The folk-lore of the Alaskan Eskimo gives a pitiful picture of a young boy, the last survivor of a dying people, lying ill and forsaken on the floor of his primitive dwelling, and crying out in misery to the Great Spirit of the air for help. In its extremity the human heart knows instinctively its right to find beyond the point of its utmost striving the mighty aid of God.

The Scripture says it does

Rev. 8 : 3-5 shows in graphic symbolism the *modus operandi* of prayer. The praying people below, the great angel and the high altar above; the prayers of God's people a sweet incense in the presence of God; the sudden unloosing of availing power; the fire from the altar cast back to earth completing the cycle and bringing about great cosmic changes, thunder, voices, lightning and earthquake. The age-long prayer of the church, "Thy Kingdom come," is seen in process of fulfilment.

Experience says it does

This is not a matter of personal opinion. It is a fact of universal demonstration. Theorist rejects it upon the grounds of his own reasoning as to the impossibility of changing physical phenomena by a mere spiritual exercise. God says "Call unto me and I will answer thee." Every sincere follower of Jesus has received the answer not once, but a thousand times, in his own experience.

WHAT TO PRAY FOR TODAY

Pray for yourself

Prayer is a great factor in the development of personal power. Prayer will help us to become supermen, capable of accomplishing things otherwise impossible. "If any man lack—let him ask of God," and the answer to the particular petition will bring innumerable auxiliary answers to unvoiced prayers, reinforcing the powers of the individual and causing him to grow in direct proportion to the sincerity and frequency of the prayer.

Pray for your fellows

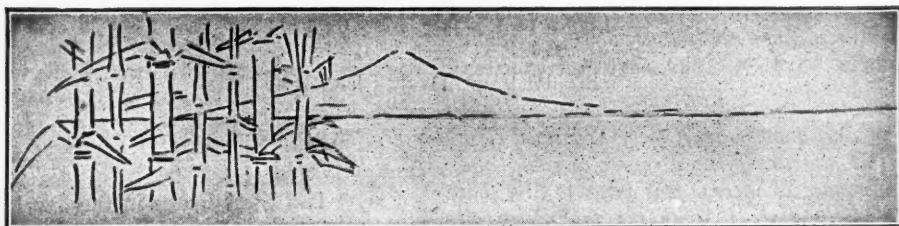
An earnest desire to have part in bringing men to Christ gives rise to two impulses, the one upward toward the throne of God in heartfelt petition for the saving of our fellows and the other outward in definite personal effort to the same end. The first enlists the divine power to invigorate the second and we become collaborators with God in saving the world.

Pray for the world

The prayer of the earnest Christian will not stop with his immediate circle. God calls us to be world-conquerors. Our own denomination has girdled the globe with its activities. We can strengthen the efforts of our representatives by prayer, adding the spiritual powers of our own souls to the accomplishment of their difficult tasks in the farther and nearer fields. Pray for the missionaries by name and station.

Pray for the present world crisis

We have come upon dark days, but they are days when the evidences of great power are all about us. Waves of energy are manifesting themselves in world movements. Powers of evil, forces of iniquity? Yes, but also mighty urgings in the direction of good. The powers of world life need spiritual direction. There is titanic energy locked up in the unused prayer power of the church. Release it and it will dominate the present world movements. China will become Christian, Turkish dominion over the Armenians will be destroyed, Russia will find God, America will fulfil its highest destiny.



Historical Sketches—I

The First Christian Missionary in Japan

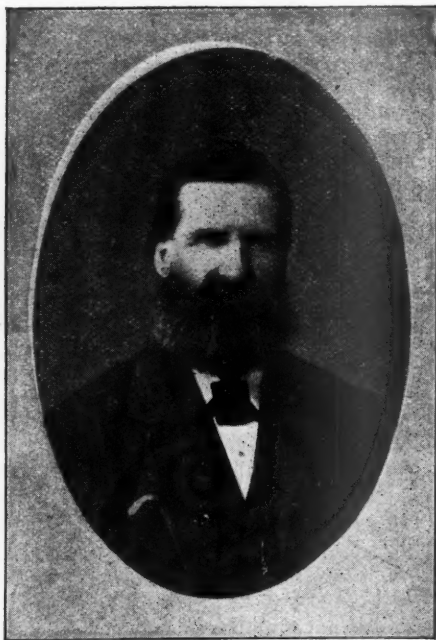
THE REMARKABLE LIFE STORY OF JOHNATHAN GOBLE

WE are indebted to Mrs. L. C. Erland of Dundee, N. Y., for the following sketch of the life of Johnathan Goble, a Baptist who was the first Christian missionary to Japan and for some time under appointment by our Foreign Mission Society. His early experiences read like a romance, and prison was for him the gateway to soul liberty as well as to a trade that later was to fit strangely into his plans. The story will be found intensely interesting.

Johnathan Goble was born at Keuka, Steuben County, N. Y., March 4, 1827. He was the son of Christian parents and his grandfather was a Baptist minister. In school he was careless and indifferent in his studies and ready for a quarrel. He soon went to work on a farm, and when his time was up the man refused to pay the wages agreed upon. This angered Johnathan and he threatened to burn the man's barn. Afterward the barn did burn, and altho it was proved that Johnathan was a hundred miles away, yet because of his threat he was convicted and sent to Auburn Prison. There alone with the God of his fathers and his Bible he was gloriously converted, and became a new man in Christ Jesus. He there learned the shoemaker's trade and for good conduct was released long before his sentence expired.

He then came to Wayne Village and was baptized into the Baptist church, where his parents were members and his grandfather had been pastor. Soon afterward, in 1853, Perry's fleet of seven ships went to Japan

to compel that country to trade with us, and Johnathan and a personal friend went along. In the prison on his knees he had said, "Lord, send me as a missionary," and he went to see if Japan was the field for him



JOHNATHAN GOBLE, FIRST MISSIONARY
TO JAPAN

to labor in. On the ship he was entrusted by Commodore Perry with the care of a Japanese rescued from shipwreck. He spent much time teaching Sentaro English

and about Christ, learning something himself about Japanese.

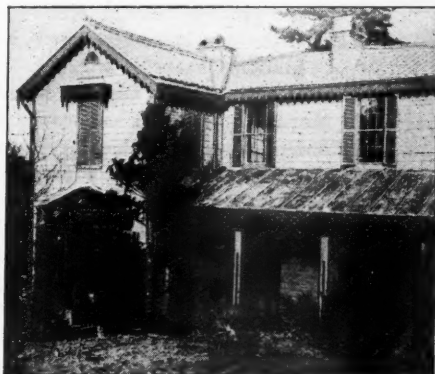
After returning to America he studied at Madison (now Colgate) University. On invitation of Pastor Olney of the Wayne Village Baptist Church he spent his vacation there in 1855, and made the acquaintance of Miss Eliza Weeks, a Christian girl who had an earnest desire to be a missionary. Drawn together by this common purpose, they were married in 1856, and lived and studied in Hamilton till the young man graduated and received an appointment to mission work in Japan. They sailed from New York Nov. 5, 1859, and reached Yokohama April 1st, 1860. In Mrs. Goble's diary, dated New York, Nov. 5, 1859, are these words:

"Today we leave our native land and our dear friends, expecting to meet them no more until we meet in heaven. Farewell, dear friends, one and all. Farewell, my dear native land! I willingly and joyfully bid you a long, a silent, and an affectionate farewell." And after landing in Japan she wrote: "We find ourselves at last upon Japanese soil. Yes, here in Japan, God permitting, will be our home and the home of our children. Here in Japan let me live, labor, die and be buried."

They lived in Kanagawa for two years in deep poverty and much in debt, the husband mending shoes to get a little food, and watching five weeks by the sick bed of his apparently dying wife, whose illness was brought on by poor diet and living in a miserable native house. Here their second daughter, Mary Frances, was born in 1861. The following spring they moved to Yokohama, into another miserable hut, where their eldest daughter Dorinda died with cholera. This was a severe blow, yet Mrs. Goble, who had seen scarcely a comfortable day since arriving in Japan, never complained, her only regret being that she and her husband could not give their whole time to mission work. During the next few years the country was greatly disturbed, and many times she took her baby in her arms and ran for life from the natives, who were angry at having foreigners in Japan. Wishing to take her with him on his preaching trips over the country, both for her help and because it was not safe to leave her, Mr. Goble sent a draft

of a vehicle, in which he thought he might draw her, to an old friend, a blacksmith, near his old home. The blacksmith constructed the two-wheeled vehicle according to the pattern and sent it to the Gobles, and thus was invented the jinriksha, which has been of untold worth to Japan and to other eastern lands as well, and is still the common hand carriage.

Mr. Goble built with native help the first frame house in Japan, moving into it in 1864. This house was on the site later occupied by Dr. Dearing, when President



MR. GOBLE'S HOUSE—FIRST FRAME HOUSE
BUILT IN JAPAN

of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Yokohama. Mr. Goble taught the Japanese the shoemaker's trade, printed tracts and helps, and carried them over the country in the first cart drawn by a horse. He translated the Gospel of Matthew into Japanese, and a copy of it is now owned by his home church in Wayne Village.

Besides the results they accomplished in laying foundations for future mission work in Japan amid the greatest difficulties, involving the earning of their daily bread—this being before the Foreign Mission Society began its work in Japan—they gave the Japanese invaluable practical ideas. Worn out by the struggle, Mrs. Goble fell asleep May 1st, 1882. Her last words were, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and Dr. Nathan Brown preached her funeral sermon. Her body rests beside her little daughter in Yokohama's foreign cemetery.

THE BAPTIST LAYMEN'S COMMITTEE

FRED P. HAGGARD, DIRECTOR

The Laymen's Conference at Highland Park

BY HOWARD B. GROSE



THE Laymen's Conference at Highland Park, Illinois, Sept. 6-8, was another of the remarkable meetings that have made this movement memorable in our denominational history. Many applied the world epochal to it, and if the conclusions reached are adopted and carried into effect by the denominational agencies affected, the word will be in place. At any rate, Highland Park will take place beside Cleveland and Chicago in the historic development of the Laymen's Movement in our Northern Baptist Convention.

The Conference was notable for its spirit and atmosphere. The place by the lake-side was quiet and exactly suited for three days of quiet consideration of great matters related to the kingdom of God. The first session on Friday morning was entirely devoted to prayer, and created the spiritual atmosphere that prevailed during all the sessions that followed. These occupied morning, afternoon and evening of two days, with the closing session of devotional character Sunday morning. More than a hundred denominational leaders were present, representing the Laymen's National Committee, officers of the national societies, secretaries of state conventions from nearly every state in the Convention territory, and editors of the denominational press. It was a serious body, cognizant of the vital importance of the questions to be discussed and of the peculiar world conditions which the churches are called upon to meet.

The spirit of fellowship was matched by that of unanimity. It was wonderful to see the way in which difficulties that to many had seemed well nigh insuperable vanish before the readiness to sink all self-interest and the realization that a new day demanded a common purpose and a more perfect cooperation. This made conclusions possible that a little while ago would have been thought beyond the bounds of present possibility. The most significant and far reaching of these conclusions was the unanimous decision that the time had come when the state convention and city mission budgets should have place with those of the national societies in the one unified budget to be presented to the denomination through the Laymen's Committee. The fact was recognized that the Conference was not a legislative body, but its deliberate conviction on such a matter as this will undoubtedly have great weight with the state boards which have the deciding voice. And the accord with which the representatives of the national societies and the state secretaries acted was one of the things that made this meeting noteworthy. Not that there has been unwillingness hitherto, but the way through the practical difficulties had not been clearly seen.

Such a step marks the long progress that has already been made in the denominational unification. Cooperation and coordination have become actual, and not by force or halting compulsion, but by a natural process of development. The Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board and the Education Board are included, and no denominational enterprise embraced within the Convention's scope is omitted. The War Commission is provided for as one of the agencies coterminous with the war and demobilization requirements. The Laymen's Committee does not propose to resolve itself into a money-raising machine. That is the last thing it has in mind. It does propose to get the lay forces of the denomination behind the raising of the apportionments, which pro-

vide for the regular running expenses of the various denominational organizations, and then help to obtain from individuals the sum required to meet the specific needs beyond the apportionments. These specific needs represent the work that must be done if our societies are not to be recreant to their obligations, and are to meet the insistent demands from the fields that are neither adequately manned nor equipped. Mr. Ayer made a presentation of the financial matter that was masterly in its analysis, and settled all question regarding the division of the budgets into regular and specific — the latter being dependent upon the amounts actually raised. The ultimate aim of the present movement is to get all the necessary items into one budget, so that there shall be no distinction, but just one total sum that the denomination should have placed before it — a sum covering the legitimate needs of our whole work, which is regarded as one, whatever the field. This is the ideal, but it is simply wonderful how rapidly we have been advancing toward it. This was the fact that gave coloring to the Conference and hope for the future.

Do not think for a moment, however, that this Conference was mainly occupied with discussion of financial problems or of budget comprehension. On the contrary, the dominant note in the program was Christian Enlistment Week. If the plans laid are carried out, as we believe they will be, this Week — November 17-24 — will be a historic period. The Conference was called chiefly to place these plans before the men and women who must have large part in realizing them. The major part of the two days was given to their consideration. It was seen that this was the greatest evangelistic, spiritual program ever presented to our denomination, or for that matter to any other. In a word, the plans propose nothing less than a canvass that shall include in one week the reaching of every member in every church in our Northern Baptist constituency. It embraces the presentation to every man, woman and child, in church or parish, of a War Roll card which pledges allegiance to Jesus Christ, and asks for pledge to church membership on the part of those not already members, and to some definite form of service on the part of members. To carry out such a program will require zealous and devoted work in every state, and will test the quality of the Laymen's Committees in state, association and local churches. But, carried out, it will mean a revived, renewed, reconsecrated membership, a great ingathering of those now outside the churches, and a preparation for the days to follow the coming of peace with righteousness. The significance of the Christian Enlistment campaign, not only to our denomination but to the world, cannot be estimated or appraised. The Spirit of God has originated the movement. It has not come from man. It goes back to personal evangelism — the scriptural method, Andrew seeking his brother, Philip finding Nathanael. It puts the obligation upon the layman as well as upon the minister. It has in it untold possibilities for the future of the kingdom.

As the plans were unfolded by Messrs. Haggard, Lerrigo and Agar, of the Laymen's Committee, their meaning grew upon the Conference. The feeling was unanimous that while man was not able to do these great things, man plus the promised power of God was sufficient. And it was in a spirit of faith and determination and abounding courage that those present undertook to do their part to carry through this program for Christian Enlistment, to the glory of God and the good of multitudes within and outside of our churches.

As prayer marked this Conference, so prayer should mark every step of the way to the Week in November. Let pastors and members unite in prayer. The crisis hour is upon us. The challenge of war days is unmistakable. This program is a preparation for new duties, for a new life in the churches, for a measuring up to the high and holy calling of God in Christ Jesus.

As there was one mind and spirit in the Conference, so may there but one mind and spirit in the entire denomination — to seek by the aid of the Divine Spirit to make this Christian Enlistment Week the beginning of a better and more consecrated life for us all, beginning with each one in confession, penitence, quickened faith, and hence new and measureless power through Him who worketh in us to do of His good pleasure.

The War and Christian Faith

Our Sons and War

BY DR. JAMES L. HUGHES

The following poem is one of the finest expressions produced by the war, and will come close to all who have sons "over there." Edwin Markham published a little poem entitled "I Did Not Raise My Boy to be a Soldier." This poem is an answer to Mr. Markham and was written by Dr. Hughes, for more than forty years Toronto's superintendent of education, whose son was killed in battle and lies today beneath the sod of Belgium. The poem was first published in *The Christian Guardian*, of Toronto, and after slight changes by the author was republished by *The Manufacturers' Record*.

God gave my son in trust to me;
Christ died for him, and he should be
A man for Christ. He is his own,
And God's and man's, not mine alone.
He was not mine to "give." He gave
Himself that he might help to save
All that a Christian should revere,
All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns!" Ah, torpid soul!
Awake, and see life as a whole.
When freedom, honor, justice, right
Were threatened by the despot's might,
With heart aflame and soul alight,
He bravely went for God to fight
Against base savages whose pride
The laws of God and man defied,
Who slew the mother and her child,
Who maidens pure and sweet defiled.
He did not go "to feed the guns";
He went to save from ruthless Huns
His home and country, and to be
A guardian of democracy.

"What if he does not come?" you say.
Ah, well! My sky would be more gray,
But through the clouds the sun would shine,
And vital memories be mine.
God's test of manhood is, I know,
Not "will he come?" but "did he go?"
My son well knew that he might die,
And yet he went, with purpose high,
To fight for peace and overthrow
The plans of Christ's relentless foe.

He dreaded not the battlefield;
He went to make fierce vandals yield.
If he comes not again to me,
I shall be sad, but not that he
Went like a man — a hero true —
His part unselfishly to do.
My heart will feel exultant pride
That for humanity he died.

"Forgotten grave!" This selfish plea
Awakes no deep response in me,
For, though his grave I may not see,
My boy will ne'er forgotten be.
My real son can never die;
'Tis but his body that may lie
In foreign land, and I shall keep
Remembrance fond, forever, deep
Within my heart of my true son
Because of triumphs that he won.
It matters not where anyone
May lie and sleep when work is done.

It matters not where some men live;
If my dear son his life must give,
Hosannas I will sing for him,
E'en though my eyes with tears be dim,
And when the war is over, when
His gallant comrades come again,
I'll cheer them as they're marching by,
Rejoicing that they did not die.
And when his vacant place I see,
My heart will bound with joy that he
Was mine so long — my fair young son,
And cheer for him whose work is done.



The Sobering Effect of War

Let us turn first to France. Prior to the war in France it was considered something of an offence if an officer showed himself to be religious by his conversation, or by in any way revealing his soul. Today it is quite the opposite. Everywhere I went along the French line I saw evidence of religion. There are a great many priests with the French army, and it is not uncommon to see a soldier making his confession right in the trenches. So far as church attendance is a symptom of reality in religion, the attendance in churches throughout France indicates that the people are truly worshipping. I went into churches in a great many places, not merely in Paris, but in towns behind the line outside the zone of actual fighting. They were always crowded. . . . So far as the soldiers are concerned, you will find a great variety of religious reaction. But, in the main, the war has made for constructive belief. Take, for instance, the case of large numbers of men, men of culture, character, position, and wealth, who prior to the war were drifting along without any serious aim. Great numbers of these men have found their soul in the war. Generals and other high ranking officers, who have not been especially religious, now confess that they have been driven to prayer by the weight of their anxieties and responsibilities. I remember taking an ordinary service at the front when there were four major-generals present, the ranking one being commander of an army. This was not an exception. It was a commonplace. . . . You find readiness to sacrifice self, to lay down life everywhere. — *Bishop Brent, now Head Chaplain in France.*

OUR MISSIONARY STORY

The Golden Girl

BY HERBERT C. LONG, OF MIDNAPORE, BENGAL



AMY was a Tamil girl, and she was old enough to marry. Moreover, she was a beautiful girl. She had come from a high-caste family that boasted Aryan blood; her features were refined, her skin far fairer than that of the low-caste people with whom she daily mingled. Her mother was a widow, and she had been turned over to the missionaries to bring up. The fact that they had clothed her, fed her, and educated her in no wise deterred the relatives from claiming a right to arrange her marriage, now that she was old enough to marry. For a Hindu will give up every other claim on a child, but will still insist on arranging the marriage, because if a child marries below caste, caste can never be regained. The missionaries, therefore, felt obliged to refer the matter of Amy's marriage to her mother. To be sure, they had selected, as they thought, a very suitable husband, and one whom Amy at least knew well enough to recognize when he passed; but it would hardly do not to get the mother's consent. But her mother had plans of quite another sort. Indeed, she scorned to listen to the proposed match, for the prospective bridegroom was of a low-caste family. Or rather, he was a cherri, an outcaste, for his father was only a stableman, and he himself nothing more than a butler getting ten rupees a month. Amy's people had found a wealthy man of the Sudras, their caste, who was willing not only to marry her, but would pay a good price for so beautiful a wife.

Now Amy was not only a beautiful girl, but she had a mind of her own. She told her mother that she did not fancy the rich Hindu; but whoever heard of a girl's whims being consulted in matrimonial

matters? She coaxed and pleaded, but in vain. At last she said:

"Mother, you think I am beautiful, and will bring you much money if I marry that man. But I am a Christian; I will not marry a heathen. I will marry Joseph."

And neither threats nor tears would change her purpose.

So it was finally decided that Amy was to be married to Joseph. A casual observer would not have said that it was a good match. Not only was he of the outcastes and very dark of skin, but his features were irregular; he was not handsome. But beneath the dark skin there was a heart devoted to the Master's service; and the crudeness of his features only made his character seem more noble. Like his betrothed, he too was a child of Missions. A kind-hearted missionary had taken him when he was a mischievous little urchin, had trained him, and educated him in the mission schools. At an early age he showed a remarkable interest in religious things. Once he argued all night that Christianity was better than Hinduism. He began to think about becoming a Christian himself. Then he would ask himself, "What will people say?" But that did not seem a sufficient excuse for remaining a heathen, and he began to say, "I can't go back on my father." Still the conviction grew on him that he must become a Christian, and at last he said, "I can't go back on Jesus Christ."

So it came to pass that he was baptized. Just as he was coming up out of the water, the gates opened, and the people rushed into the enclosure. When they saw that he had been baptized, they cried, "Separated." He was cast out even by the outcastes. But his heart was strong, and he

was faithful. At first his father was bitter; later Joseph secured him a place as watchman. The old man's heart began to soften, and at last he also went down into the water. A short time afterward he told Joseph that he was getting old, and knew his time was short; he had just one desire which he longed above all else to see fulfilled: if he could see Joseph happily married, he would die in peace. Thus it came about that Joseph sought a wife; and because he was worthy, the missionaries had suggested Amy.

His was no heathen wedding. He chose his own wedding day, and they two together cut the wedding cake and made the tea; and with their own hands they served their guests.

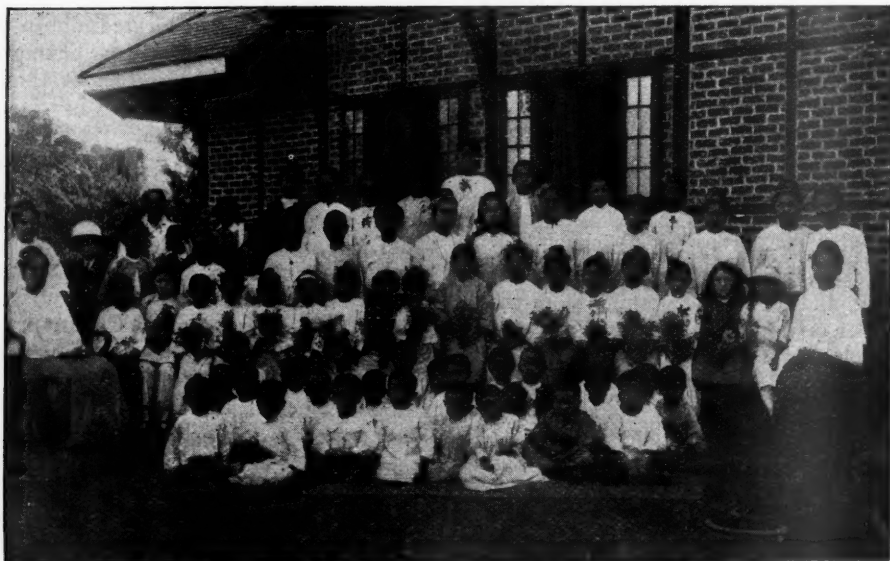
They went to live in the house of their elder brother, who was a heathen. But never did they forget that they were followers of the Christ, and they let their light shine. The people of the locality wondered at their lives, and they marveled more that the beautiful Sudra girl would come to live among them. They called her "The Golden Girl," and she walked in their midst as an angel of light. And the heart of Joseph's old father was made doubly glad. "For," he said, "she is not like other daughters-in-law; she saves money for my burial."

In due time a baby boy was born, and they called him Immanuel, for they felt that God was graciously present in their home. The missionaries also rejoiced with them, for they loved the young man and his wife, and felt a keen interest in their Christian life in a heathen village.

* *

Then a cloud came over the little home. One day the young mother fell ill; the next, Joseph brought the sad news to the missionaries that she had died in the night. With heavy hearts and gentle hands they helped him lay away the body of his beautiful Amy.

The next day Joseph led the missionaries to a little house; it was new; they had not known that it was being built. He told them how he and Amy had toiled and saved that they might build a home of their own; one room for themselves, and one room for God. In that room, dedicated to the name of Him whom they loved to serve, they had planned to have a prayer meeting for the village people every week. Now Amy had gone; but he wanted their plans carried out as she would wish; he asked that the little room might be dedicated to the worship of Jesus in the midst of a heathen village; a memorial to her whom all the people loved, the Golden Girl.



OUR MISSION SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS AT MAYMYO, BURMA, IN CHARGE OF
MISS SARAH R. SLATER

Nearing Port

BY CECIL G. FIELDER



EVEN the most sophisticated and cosmopolitan of travelers feels a thrill of excitement at sighting new land. It is certainly pardonable, then, if landlubbers like myself, who never before had taken more of a water voyage than one gets on the old Fall River Line, become keyed up toward the close of a trans-Pacific voyage. Day after day we have been tracing our course on the map near the purser's office and marking down the ship's run, with a proprietary air of satisfaction if she did well. Now we are off Alaska, and the keen north wind adds its indisputable testimony to the statement of the chart. A day or so later the beautiful silvery cone of a mountain peak rises, a solitary jewel, far off on the horizon ahead, grows large and then small again, and finally melts away in the haze astern, leaving one with a faint sense of mystery and loneliness. It was one of those Aleutian Islands which stretch their drear, cold snows far off to the southwest of Alaska. And now we have been plunging along for three or four more days. Engrossed in our deck sports and reading, with nothing to break the even tenor of our lives except a splashing porpoise or a swiftly passing ship, we have nevertheless felt, beneath all else, a gnawing impatience to end this phase of our journey. "Only one more day!" we shout at our friends as we pass on the promenade deck. Somewhere off there to the west, we know, is Kamchatka, and tomorrow should come Japan, the Nippon of our story books, land of politeness and cherry blossoms. The following morning should bring us to

Yokohama. Scarcely can we hide our impatience for the morrow, like children on Christmas Eve.

Sound sleep brings morning swiftly. We hurry to peer through the porthole. No land! Our hearts sink a little. We knew there really wouldn't be, but had hoped that somehow, by some burst of speed, some trend of the current, we would achieve the unusual and come within sight of shore. We dress with a shade more haste this morning, a bit feverishly, and hurry to the deck. There we may have a better vantage point and justify our hopes after all! We walk briskly to the starboard bow, our subconscious minds commenting on the fact that it is a trace warmer today,—a welcome change, we think. Our field glasses scan the horizon. Slowly, carefully, beginning at the extreme south, we cover every inch of that line that bounds our vision. Nothing, absolutely nothing!—except the bobbing flight of a sea-bird which streaks across our glass. We swallow our disappointment, we must patiently bide our time. Yes, we will get our Testament and read our "Chapter," and then press on through Morley's "Gladstone," borrowed from the ship's library. That will make the hours fly quickly.

After breakfast, having snugly ensconced ourselves in that long row of other snugly wrapped persons stretched along the lee deck, and with our glasses within easy reach, we burrow on into our book. The "formation of the cabinet" and "consideration of the Reform Bill" will demand all our attention.

It is hard to remain interested this

morning. Some visionary "sees land," and straightway there is a laborious disentangling from rugs and a rush to the rail. The "land" rapidly changes shape and finally disintegrates. A cloud! We return to our books, resolved not to be won away again by any such chimera. Will the morning never pass!

The deck boy fetches beef broth and crackers and then lunch time comes and goes. We know that something must appear before long. Sure enough, early in the afternoon a sharp eye detects a pale, purplish object, projecting ever so slightly above the horizon. At first it seems as though this, too, were a cloud, so nebulous does it appear. But it keeps its shape and holds its position, and now even the most skeptical admits it is land. "It's land all right!" and extended arms point it out to the dim-sighted. There is much excited conjecture, and the news in some mysterious way runs like wildfire over the ship. The British Colonel, who has wandered over nearly every part of this old globe, from South Africa to the Canadian Northwest; the missionary who has "come by way of the Mediterranean three times, but never this way before"; and the buyer from the Chicago department store, who "does this trip every year,"—all are peering as interestedly as the most humble of us, who admit, when pressed, that "Yes, this is our first time across."

Reading is now cast aside. We hurry below for our cabin-mate, and together we watch the slowly increasing mass of land. Mountains grow large, and change their contour as we pass from one viewpoint to another. Strangely shaped formations appear, like lions, witches or old, grizzled men. All is purple and seemingly in the same plane, so far away is the shore. There are no indentations or promon-

tories, no fields or woods, no roads or houses. It is more like some colossal stage scenery, set for a solemn act. It sets our imaginations to work, to devise objects where our eyes cannot find them. Fancy paints scraggly, dwarf pine trees clinging tenaciously to rocks and struggling away up the sides of these mountains. Perhaps there is an occasional vividly green open space on the mountain side, cleared for cultivation by some intrepid farmer. Little brown houses must dot the lowlands and shores, and small, quaintly garbed people are hastening about at their tasks. It is delightful to imagine.

Now, ahead, tiny specks appear on the water, to take the shape, as we rush swiftly on, of the clumsy, ungainly junks of the fisher folk. Here, many miles from shore, the fishermen ply their trade, moving slowly up and down on the long swells. Far behind we see a cluster of junks bob fiercely as they wallow in the huge waves from our wake, and their masts and crude, brown sails thresh madly back and forth, to subside again after a brief moment. We have scarcely eyes enough to take in all the new sights. The sun sinks bright behind the hills, setting off their contours in sharpest lines. A junk passes through the streak of sunlight on the water and suddenly disappears. The blue hills turn to black, a solitary star appears, and all is peace. We stand and take our fill, contented. Now Yezo is passed, and we must be off Morioka. How close we are to friends with whom we have walked on the other side of the world, and yet we shall not see them. Soon will come Sendai, and, in the night, Mito. In the morning we shall be in Yokohama. We put away our glasses, take up "Gladstone," and read ourselves to sleepiness. Tomorrow is another day!



A New Emphasis in Evangelism

BY REV. J. P. DAVIES OF CHENG TU

THE Chengtu Baptist Church is a new church. We are working a virgin field, and are not hampered by precedents. It is our aim to preach the gospel, and also to present it in the most attractive manner possible. We think it is a pity to send people away after the sermon is completed, for we believe that when the big guns have ceased firing is the time for a bayonet charge.

Two years ago, when we were beginning church work in the city of Chengtu, we held preaching services every evening for four weeks. At the close of each service we invited those who cared to stay to come into the guest room. There we served tea and engaged in general conversation on the first few evenings. As the people became accustomed to us, we began using the Bible in these informal gatherings, and before they knew it they were in a Bible class. We encouraged them to express their views on the passages under consideration, and interpretations that were too far amiss were corrected. Wishing to stimulate spontaneity of thought and speech, we fostered self-expression, even at the cost of departing from the original theme.

After this weekly Bible class got well under way I turned it over to a student evangelist. He did nearly all the talking himself, and in a few weeks the interest and attendance dropped off considerably. Then I insisted on the conversational feature being restored, and the *esprit de corps* was also restored. Sometimes their evident enjoyment disturbed me, because I feared they were not taking the matter seriously enough. But six of these men have kept steadily on, growing in grace, have been admitted into church membership, and have taken hold of their church duties with refreshing enthusiasm.

It is now our settled policy to follow every meeting for promiscuous crowds with group meetings for those interested, conducted on the conversational plan. In the women's group meetings Mrs. Upcraft encourages the women to speak out freely, and they have some delightful times

together. Last Sunday evening, after the address, I was leading a group of outside men in Bible study, but I could not get much response from them. So I asked the four Christian men who were assisting me to sit down in different parts of the room, and we all engaged in conversation with those sitting near us. Thus we became acquainted with our men, and some opened their mouths who would not have done so in the more formal meeting. One man secured the names and addresses of three men who promised to come regularly.

In using this method, which I call "conversational evangelism," certain precautions need to be observed:

(1) The leader must not suppose that since he is not to do all the talking he may be more careless in his preparation. He needs to be master of his subject in all its ramifications, and he must use skill in guiding the discussion.

(2) There must be an atmosphere of prayer and reliance upon the Holy Spirit. No method in itself is bound to succeed. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

(3) The discussion must lead to action. After men have had sufficient opportunity to examine into the truths of Christianity the leader must call for repentance, confession of sin, and surrender to Christ.

Under proper conditions this method has certain distinct advantages:

(1) The recognition of the individual. Nobody likes to be just one of a nondescript crowd. It is a compliment to a man to ask him who he is and what he thinks.

(2) The privilege of free speech. People like to have a chance to "talk back" to the preacher. No one cares to simply receive exhortation and instruction all the time. This method helps to bridge the chasm between the professional preacher and the "sinner."

(3) The social element. People find that in the chapel they may spend a pleasant evening and form wholesome friendships. A pot of tea helps along considerably.

(4) The enlistment of lay workers. I

have seen raw enquirers delight in explaining a point to some one still more ignorant of Christian truth. The leader does not feel the whole burden for the success of the meeting. All are united in a happy quest for truth. Those admitted into the church are already accustomed to the idea of taking their share of responsibility.

(5) The accuracy of the appeal. By listening to the opinions of his group the leader finds what in his message has not been understood. He comes to know their attitude, and can speak more directly to their needs.

How Some People Live

Rev. S. D. Bawden, of Kavali, South India, who has charge of our work among the Erukaliahs at the Industrial Settlement, on one of his summer trips to the hills found a little group of Toda huts, which he thus describes:

The Todas apparently belong to the aborigines of India here on the Hills. Their huts are unique, with planks for the end walls and the cracks plastered with mud, all but one little crack about six inches long for ventilation, and the door like that to a dog kennel, on a level with the ground and about eighteen inches square. No windows or other openings and with the roof made of woven grass; in the case of those we saw, supplemented with scraps of galvanized iron and tin. I have not seen the inside of one of the huts, but they tell me that one side of the door is built up with mud as a sort of platform on which they sleep and on the other side they keep their firewood and upon a shelf their cooking utensils. The sides of the doors and the cracks for ventilation show that they have fires inside, and I judge that the whole inside of the hut is black with soot from the smoke. Excuse me, I would rather be a tuberculosis patient and have to live out of doors. The hut is about seven feet high by six feet wide by ten feet long outside, so you can imagine the quality of the air inside when a family crawls inside and shuts the door to sleep at night.

Then he tells of a fire experience in this wise:

Our Erukala huts are not so bad as the

Toda huts, for they have no door, but simply openings for entrance about two feet wide. They have palm-leaf roofs which are very inflammable, and not long ago we had the only fire we have had since we have been in the Settlement work. I had just returned from inspecting the site for a new detention shed for one of the convicts in the jail who was a Erukala and had the chicken-pox, and had just finished reading my afternoon mail when a special constable hurried, all out of breath, and said that one of the houses in the Settlement was on fire. I immediately jumped on my motor-cycle and hurried out and found a good many members of the Settlement already there and a number busy trying to put out the fire. It was just after the close of the work and somehow, possibly from the fire for cooking their evening meal, a spark must have lodged in the palm-leaf roof, and it was blazing merrily with no chance of saving that house. Just across the street was the house of the father of my writer and the flames had already reached that, but when I got there one of my *maistries* was on the roof with a broom, doing his best to beat out the sparks, and we quickly got some more help up on the roof and some water and succeeded in saving the roof, although I am afraid we flooded the inside of the house a little. *It was remarkable to see how many people there were who stood around doing nothing when they might have helped by bringing pots of water.* But by getting hold of some timbers and wrenching the rafters loose we were able to get the fire subdued very quickly, the special reason being that there was not wind enough to carry it very far. We have been very fortunate in not having any fire at all until this one and I hope that we may not have any more.

Seed Thoughts

Be not anxious about tomorrow. Do today's duty, fight today's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. Enough for you that the God for whom you fight is just and merciful, for He rewardeth every man according to his work. — C. Kingsley.



THE OUTLOOKER

"It is blessed to look in, to look out, to look up."

THE OUTLOOKER was impressed by the fact that perhaps the strongest and most appealing message given at Northfield this year, in the Christian Workers' Conference, was that on Woman's Mission in the World of Tomorrow, by Dr. John Gardner. It was plain talk on a vital theme. He called back the women of our land and of the world from vanity, pride, frivolity, pleasure-seeking, love of ease and neglect of home, to the duty of creating a new race of men for the better world that is to be if the present planet-wide turmoil and stress are to have any worthwhile outcome. Relating incidents in his own home life, when his parents "loved me into the kingdom of God, and here I am," he pleaded for a revival of the home life where the boys and girls may be given a chance. "This is the central hour in the history of the human race," he said. "Men have made egregious blunders which have brought them to a death grip. The prevention of the recurrence of the mischief belongs to women, who must revert to motherhood of the holiest type, teaching their children to lisp their prayers at the maternal knee, and to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. This is a task not to be delegated to the college professor or the writer in magazines."

* *

No doubt the appeal is timely and needed. What women are doing in the war crisis is fully and gladly recognized. Lloyd George says England could not have carried on the war as she has without the work of the heroic women. The French and Italian and American women have responded to the demands made upon them, and are ready to do much more. And yet, Dr. Gardner holds, it is true that a

heavy responsibility for the present catastrophe rests upon the women as well as upon the men. If the mothers of the passing generation had done their full duty of training in all the nations, the worldwide war could hardly have happened. The mothers of the Germany of a generation ago surrendered their children and themselves to the false doctrines of a godless philosophy—doctrines utilized by a ruthless autocracy—and hence the Germany which, professing Christianity, practices a *kultur* more base and un-Christian than any heathenism that ever blackened ancient empires or darkest Africa. In other nations war is creating new character in millions of men whose mothers neglected their Christian duty in the earlier years. And the mothers of growing children are making equal failure, so that lack of home education, training and discipline is a notorious evil. Of course there are a vast number of exceptions, but too many boys and girls run wild, with little or no parental restraint. A foreign missionary, returning to his native land after twenty years absence, was shocked on seeing the immodest attire of the women, and still more as he studied the changes in society and realized how women of Christian parentage, both in the church and out, seemed to be forgetting that the morrow of the world is in their hands.

* *

The close of the appeal was fine and tender. The speaker put squarely before the women of today the evil and peril of letting love of wealth and ease destroy character. And then he pointed to the hopeful signs brought out by the war. It is the purity of woman which reveals her strength; her moral judgments, the integrity of her home, the books she writes, the

songs she sings which are not sordid but have the ethereal note in them. Holiness and compassion are peculiarly hers. It is a great joy and wonder to find how much woman has done recently to discover and ameliorate the woes of society. She has gone to the courts to champion the cause of the child; she has thought out the problem of infant welfare and the relief of dwellers in the slums; she has entered into manifold ministries of mercy and restoration, and has never been so brave as since the war began.

* *

Thus we can see both sides in our complex society. All that the speaker said in his presentation of the wrong and evil conditions is true, and his strong appeal touches the heart of things. All he could say in praise is also true, but does not alter the fact that great changes must take place in the womanhood of the world if the tomorrow we hope for is to come. The American home must be restored to the place of honor and sanctity that made it a conspicuous feature in the world life. Out of that home came the American men whose chivalry to women made them known in all lands. In that home religion was the source of character, and woman was the queen. Pray God that the Christian church may reestablish the Christian home, in which children are esteemed the richest blessing of God, and Christ is a permanent guest.

* *

After much reflection and observation, in camp, city and country, the Outlooker cannot escape the conviction that all that is done for the preservation of the morals of the soldiers and sailors by the churches and the hostess houses and camp community recreation service is neutralized and more by the present immodest dress of women, young and old. This is a scandal and an evil, and it is time that Christian women set an example, even if they cannot prevent others from following shameless customs. Now, don't cry out about old fogies, but find out what the honest boys really think about it. Dress that brings a blush to the cheek of an honest soldier but no blush to the cheek of the wearer,

betokens tragic loss of that beautiful modesty which makes woman precious in man's eyes. Short skirts in a camp hostess house are indefensible. A noble French woman recently told the Outlooker how shocked she was at the street costumes of the women in our cities. At the suggestion that these fashions came from Paris she said instantly, "Ah, yes, but don't your women know that these are the fashions of the *demi monde*? No respectable French woman would wear such immodest dress." That is worth thinking about. The war ought to set some new fashions as well as establish some new principles.

* *

The Outlooker met recently a man who had just come from Italy. He gave a cheering picture of that land today. He explained how Italy had been divided about the war by German propaganda and hold on commercial interests, and how the army reflected the people. This made possible the defeat inflicted by the Austrians. But that defeat, together with the revelations of German duplicity and stupid diplomacy, made a united Italy and brought about the present conditions. Now there is only one sentiment, and that is for a complete victory. The presence of the American soldiers and especially the consciousness of American backing have been inspiring factors. Italy expects to keep the Austrians facing homewards, and to follow them victoriously into Vienna. The Italians believe thoroughly in the American ideas of democracy and liberty, and while it would be a great mistake to suppose that the people will abandon the Romish Church, in the opinion of this well informed traveler they will insist, after the war, that the Church shall cease to be a political body, and confine itself to spiritual affairs. In other words, he predicts a great liberalizing and reformatory movement within the Church, with a setting aside of all papal claims to earthly sovereignty and a weakening of the ecclesiastical system which represents autocracy. Italy, he says, is democratic in spirit as England and France are, and the future is bright with promise for this historic and wonderful land.

A Dissertation on a Rude Pig

BY ARCHIBALD G. ADAMS OF SUIFU

"CHINA PIGS have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of," says Lamb, in his "Dissertation upon Roast Pig." They are esteemed so highly in a certain village in our Suifu outstation district that they are allowed to run at will all over the inn where the visiting missionary had to spend two nights on a tour.

In the district to the south of Suifu is a village with a population of 3,000, three days' journey overland. I visited the Christians here for two days to help them in the choice and purchase of property for chapel and school, all the money for which they already had in hand.

My quarters in the best inn the place could boast of leaked so badly that an oil sheet had to be kept over my covered cot. Five lean pigs grubbed in and out of every guest room and along the dark, narrow passageways. I was able to keep them out of my room only when inside, since the door could be bolted only from within, as is often the case with native doors.

When on the road it is very difficult to get decent meals, so the first day we settled in the inn was seized by my cook and general servant to prepare a "square meal" for me. This he did at the expenditure of no little pains, buying a pig's tongue, "esteemed a luxury" and certainly a treat to this hungry missionary. Tender bamboo shoots and a bowl of rice furnished the "side dishes," while a precious tin of California butter (\$1 gold a pound!), plus bread that had to be toasted to keep from spoiling, made up my welcome repast.

The room had no table, so one of my two-foot boxes had to serve the purpose. On the top of this the cook had spread a cloth given me three years ago by a member of my former pastorate in Shirley, Massachusetts.

I sat down to this feast with eager appetite, and had sunk my teeth into the first tender piece of tongue when I was called out to meet a special deputation of Chris-

tians of the local membership to get my consideration of the price set upon a desirable piece of property.

Dinner had to wait a few minutes, so I closed the door behind me as I went out, and was soon deep in the matter before me in a neighboring room. I heard a noise of dishes rattling when I had been gone but five minutes and thought the cook must be washing dishes in my room. Five minutes later I finished the short conference and went back to my room, only to find the door ajar, and within a sight to make one quail.

My box-table was on its side, the cloth dragged around in the mud on the mud floor, pig's footprints clearly outlined in mud, dishes scattered in four directions and *empty*, and the culprit nowhere in sight. Neither was my precious tin of butter that gave most pleasure to my makeshift meals. Quickly I located it, where it had rolled under one of the filthy native beds, but so far under that it had escaped the marauder, much to my relief. When the cook saw the havoc his indignation knew no bounds, of language anyway, and, although he stutters terribly, he expressed his feelings and mine so eloquently and adequately to the hastily summoned innkeeper that all the wind was literally taken out of my lungs and I had to laugh.

It was a very different meal I put away after that, just some dry toast and butter plus a few of the native oranges, but I had another tongue for my evening meal.

It was easy to discover the culprit of this escapade, for one pig more than any of the others kept nosing at my door, and squealed most loudly when shut up in another guest-room, at my request, with his brothers. My zeal in hastening the purchase of property for a chapel where on future visits I could stay and where pigs will be an unknown quantity was naturally somewhat increased by this little episode.

Suifu, West China.

LOSING THEIR LIVES TO FIND THEM

From the Students in France

BY CAPTAIN GEORGES F. LAUGA, CHAPLAIN,
FRENCH ARMY*(An address given before a body of American College Students.)*

My dear friends, I thank Dr. Mott for having asked me to be present at this convention. I have been enlisted from the beginning of this war, and for two years I lived as chaplain in the vile trenches with our soldiers. It is from this hell of pain that I bring to you the message of faithful friendship of our friends—Christian students and Volunteers—who for the past three years have been fighting in France for peace and freedom. You know that the losses have been awful among them. We have lost the choice of our Christian youth. But as others remain, and as we have the same spirit of courage and sacrifice, we are not down-hearted.

Speaking about your fellow Christian students of France, I beg to assure you that they are fighting without any hatred. I know how difficult it was for them in the beginning to succeed in harmonizing their Christian ideals of peace and love with the hard necessity of fighting. They have succeeded because they understand that, according to the gospel, a world without justice and freedom is worse than a world without peace. But they have not the spirit of murder. They are trying to love their enemies. I remember one of these men, in the first line, under a tremendous fire, saying to me: "Do you know why it has been possible for me to stand firm during these three awful years? Of course, it is because I love France, but it is specially because I am fighting for a true peace, for disarmament, and for little children's sake."

Our young Christian men in the battlefield have made a new discovery of the value and the power of prayer. When I see them in the trenches, they tell me always: "Do not go without praying, Mr. Chaplain. We need God." I once saw in an ambulance a young architect. He had been badly wounded in No Man's Land, and had remained there for forty-eight hours. He could not move. Shells

were falling around him. When I asked him what were his thoughts during these awful hours, he answered me calmly: "I did not cease to pray, to pray, to pray again, and never have I been in such communion with God."

Your Christian brothers in France, members of the Student Movement, want to give to their death the meaning of sacrifice. My dear friends, remember, please, some of their names. Listen to these words of Henri Gounelle, who wrote home to his father three days before his death: "You know, daddy, that I am quite ready; that for me the beauty of life is much more than life itself." Listen to these words of George Goll, a leader in our Y. M. C. A. in Paris. He wrote to his friends some days before he was killed: "They don't take my life. I give it for peace; for the peaceful kingdom of Christ on earth." Listen to these words of my younger brother, killed on the battlefield. In his last letter he wrote me: "Be sure I shall be courageous because I love France, and that I shall be true because I love you. But if death is coming, be sure, above all, that I have in my heart the peace of my Saviour, because I know that nothing is able to separate me from the love of God."

It would have been easier for me to relate you some exciting stories about my life in the trenches in the hell of Verdun, where I have been twice wounded; but is it not better to evoke before you the wonderful example of these young men, who in losing their lives for Christ's sake and the gospel's, saved them? These examples underline with a blood stroke the exhortation of the Saviour to each one of you to be ready for any kind of sacrifice. When such men march before us, how can we lag behind? Oh! find a way, you also, of losing something, and above all, let us in all humility bury the old man, heedless of what we have been or may be till now, and let the new and nobler man within us spring forth into life—a life pure, devoted, enthusiastic, consecrated to the hastening on of the day when Christ Jesus will show Himself forever the glorious and beloved King of all the nations.

A Great Mother and Her Son

HOW THE NATIVES ARE DEVELOPED BY THE GOSPEL POWER

BY REV. JOHN FIRTH, NORTH LAKHIMPUR, ASSAM

NAOMI was left a widow with three small children, in a village near Dibrugarh, the largest town in Assam. She was an ignorant Numdani woman and her name was not Naomi at that time, as she was a heathen.

Her husband's brother was a Baptist preacher at North Lakhimpur, and he went 70 miles through the jungles, alone, to Dibrugarh for the purpose of bringing this widow and her children to his home in a new village in the forest seven miles from North Lakhimpur.

He built a house for them to live in, and helped the widow and her two daughters toward getting employment. The baby, Simon, was too small to do any work. In a few years he grew large enough to work, and it soon developed that he was a lad of unusual energy and soon had quite a farm, and also built a large new house for his mother, who now had become a Christian and been given the name of Naomi.

Her oldest daughter married a Baptist preacher on a tea-garden; the second daughter married a farmer in Naomi's own village. Simon grew up and took a wife, and, moving from his present location, went to a new settlement in another part and soon had three farms and much cattle, buffalos, servants, etc.

Naomi loved Simon and developed along with him. Her mind expanded with his, and she entered with sympathy into all the expansion of his life. His wife and baby died and he took another wife. She died suddenly one day of cholera, and her baby died soon after from fever.

Simon was about heartbroken, but he decided to go to school and get an education. He attended the village school where he lived and learned rapidly. After a while he married again and the church elected him for pastor. Naomi learned along with him and got to know much about the Bible, church organization, the Association, its work through committees,

the Sunday school and Bible lessons, caring for the sick, personal work in winning souls to Christ, and many other things.

How she did love Simon, and pray for him! He became a strong leader among the Numdani people, preached with energy, brought up all departments of church work in his own church to a point of efficiency, while he and Naomi saw the offerings for missions rolled up to the hundreds of rupees.

I met two old Christian Numdani women in the road one day. They were sisters and each of them had raised a lot of boys, some of whom were now preachers, others of them being deacons. They were conversing in Numdani. One asked, "Did you see Simon just now as we passed the missionaries' ox-cart on the road?"

"I saw a man, but my eyes are dim now."

"Well, my eyes can see quite sharp. I see many things. I saw Simon. Yes, it is surely he. He is going off with the missionary to a very important committee. He will know what to decide about all the important matters in the Association."

"How do you know so much?"

"Isn't Simon my pastor? Doesn't he teach us all the great things in the world? Simon is a great man!"

These lines are being penned as I sit in a new meeting house, in a new region of country, where Christ had no followers. But a year or so ago, when the committee wanted a strong man to come and live here among the thousands of lost ones and lead them to Christ, they sent Simon.

Naomi says she loves this new place and that she and Simon and Simon's wife and children and whatever they have are wholly given to the Lord, and she is sure Jesus will reign in these parts.

Some thirty or more people have been baptized here already, and they have built a new meeting house.

These are the gospel miracles.



THE BIBLE SCHOOL HALL IN WHICH THE CONVENTION IS HELD

The Morges Bible School and Convention

IN 1906 Dr. Saillens was called upon to hold a series of evangelistic meetings in the Eglise St. François, Lausanne, Switzerland, an old church holding about 2,000 people, where a Romish Council was held and a Pope elected in the course of the fourteenth century.

The mission was held at the united request of all the Protestant denominations. It was a great success: night after night the place was crowded, hundreds and even thousands having to go away for lack of room.

At the close of those services, a number of Christian friends asked Dr. Saillens to start a Bible Institute, so as to give permanence to the work that had been done. But Dr. Saillens did not see his way to settle down in Switzerland and to give up his work of itinerating evangelization. However, he undertook to start a Summer Bible School of a few weeks' duration.

That Bible School has been in operation every year in August, from 1907 to 1917, with the solitary gap of 1914. It is hoped that it will take place this year again, though the difficulties are very great.

The Bible school was first held at Chexbres, a few miles east of Lausanne; later on, it was transferred to Morges, a romantic little town about eight miles west of Lausanne, on the shores of the

Lake of Geneva. The school, which ordinarily lasts four weeks, was attended before the war by about 300 people, coming from all parts of the French-speaking world: France, Switzerland, Alsace, Belgium, including ministers, missionaries, deaconesses, Sunday school workers, etc. Since the war, the school is mainly attended by Swiss Christians, whose increased numbers make up for the absence of the other nationalities.

To that Morges Bible School, Dr. H. C. Mabie gave some of his lectures in 1912, which were greatly appreciated.

The Bible School usually winds up with a Convention, lasting one week, at which the best evangelical preachers of France and Switzerland may be heard. The main feature, however, of those gatherings, is the morning prayer meeting, always largely attended, and full of power. Both the Bible School and the Convention are founded on a conservative doctrinal basis, the motto of the Morges Convention being: *Le Christ tout entier dans la Bible tout entière* (The whole Christ in the whole Bible). Dr. Saillens has also the responsibility of conducting two other annual conventions in the south of France on the same basis and with very much the same features. (For this account and photograph we are indebted to Miss Saillens.)



The Restoration of Russia

In an illuminating article Dr. William T. Ellis says this restoration must come through religion, and through this channel the Allies may bear the most effective help to this distressed and disintegrated nation. Religion is the explanation of Russia; it has dominated in the shaping of the nation's history; the life of the masses has been wrapped up in the church; as the Little Father, God's viceroy, the Czar has held his authority. At present the Russian Church is supine; bolshevism has taken the revolutionary forces for the moment, and atheism and anarchy are doing their worst; but the ancient instincts of religion abide, the ingrained traditions and spirit of a nation cannot be extinguished in a twelvemonth, and distress will cause the people to turn once again to God, whom they forgot in the hectic moments of revolution. Now is the time of times, he says, to bring the religious motive to bear for the rehabilitation of Russia. He does not believe, however, in the new movement to send a few hundreds or thousands of Protestant missionaries into vast Russia, to build up a new conception of religion. Not such propaganda is what Russia needs, he declares, to vitalize and spiritualize the religious instincts inherent in the Slavs. Not formal affiliation with the old church any more than with the old order, but such measures as shall help the Russian people who have been held in ignorance and oppression to conserve the realities of their blind revolution by turning to God and returning to the faith and

comfort of the Gospel. The Russian people still believe in America, and we have the chance to aid in making the religious appeal effective. Two American groups have remained at their posts of ministry — the Y. M. C. A. and the Quaker Reconstruction Unit. They exert great influence. When America calls Russia back to the religion of her fathers, says Dr. Ellis, the people will listen and heed. They want something better than bolshevism. Our duty is to teach them that loyalty to their nation and to their God is the first step in the direction of peace and prosperity. We believe his conclusions are sound. Certainly our foreign mission societies can be trusted to study the situation and take such action as is wise and in the best interests of Russia.



The Presbyterian Campaign

While our Baptist Laymen are planning large things for the development of the spiritual life of our churches, the Northern Presbyterians have been alert to the calls of the present unparalleled period. They not only drafted into service forty of their foremost preachers for a religious and patriotic drive immediately after Labor Day, under leadership of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the evangelist, and Dr. Foulkes of the Presbyterian War Council, but in October they propose to hold a series of five hundred meetings. The purpose is to effect deeper personal consecration of families that have sent sons to France; a deeper sense of community obligations; emphasis on the home and social life;

food and fuel conservation; and forms of personal work to win the war. The leaders realize, as our Baptist leaders do, that the entire program depends upon the attainment of the spiritual aims. A new sense of dependence upon God, and a deepened consciousness of His presence, can alone prepare the churches for their solemn duties in this hour. The power of God alone can make their service adequate and effective.



Crisis Days in China

Probably no American today knows conditions in China more at first-hand than G. Sherwood Eddy, who has conducted remarkable evangelistic campaigns there in his service for the Y. M. C. A. In a recent letter he tells of conditions that should enlist the sympathetic attention of all who hope and work for the extension of the kingdom of God throughout the world. Read carefully what he says, in the light of missionary responsibility:

"Never have I seen a nation in greater peril. She is divided in internal warfare between the north and the south; she has been swept by famine and flood, plague and poverty. The great people of China, virile, industrious, intelligent, capable and hard-working, have a deep moral earnestness. They have outlived all the nations that began with them. After forty cen-

turies of continuous history, I believe they have a yet greater future before them. But today China is in deep need of our friendly help. Weakened by her own warfare, divided as she is, she is in danger from any foreign Power that would exploit her and seize her vast treasures of coal and iron and raw materials, mortgaging her future.

"Never have I seen a time that looked so dark for the nation or so bright for the Church in China as today. In each city visited we found from 100 to 600 Christians prepared as workers to take part in the evangelistic campaign. From 300 to 1,000 prepared non-Christian students, business men and leaders in each city made their final decision to accept Christ. More than half of these men are now enrolled in Bible classes, and I believe that not less than half will ultimately enter the churches. The leaders of China have been shaken to their foundations; they have seen that everything they have tried in the past has failed, and they are ready to face with open mind the claims of Jesus Christ as never before. Now is the time to prove our friendship for this great sister republic, and to give China the help which she needs. That is what we are trying to give, through the representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association, who have a unique access to the students, the officials, the business men and other leaders in China. Our opportunity is unparalleled and we must press our advantage and go forward with our work even at the cost of sacrifice."



CHRISTIAN ENLISTMENT WEEK

Do the Laymen realize that if the aims, plans and purposes of Enlistment Week are transmuted into accomplished fact, this would make it possible to give religious services regularly to thousands of communities now without them? It would open a multitude of rural schoolhouses. It would utilize the automobile on Sunday for evangelism instead of mere pleasure riding. It would mean a real religion of service for a new day in the Christian church.

NOTE AND COMMENT

¶ The Northern Presbyterians announce that about \$7,000,000 of the \$10,000,000 they are after for a ministerial pension fund has been secured. How much is the present total of our Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board?

¶ In the death of Dr. Galusha Anderson and Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch the denomination has lost two of its leaders who exerted an unusually wide influence. Differing in personality and temperament, they were at one in their devotion to Christ and to the Christian ideals as they held them. Dr. Anderson's work as preacher and teacher was largely done many years in advance of Dr. Rauschenbusch's. The latter died at fifty-seven, but measured in service his life was long. After leaving Rochester Seminary as graduate, his first work was home missionary among his people in the tenement section of New York, and he never lost the influence of that association among the neglected and needy. Both men were of the missionary spirit throughout, whether preaching or teaching. Dr. Rauschenbusch's works have been translated into many languages. Thousands of students, profoundly influenced by these teachers, will revere their memory.

¶ Rev. Archibald G. Adams says concerning the "pig incident" given elsewhere that it is "Much ado about nothing," and is sent only at the request of fellow workers, as revealing more vividly conditions under which the outstation worker has to live for weeks at a time than a long article could. This is quite right, and the incident makes a good reading for the missionary meeting. These are human touches, even when a pig interferes with the "human." We are indebted to Mr. Adams also for the admirable photographs which enable us to pictorialize the West China work in Missions. We regret that it is not possible to reproduce the stereograph pictures, as the size of our page will not permit it. Mr.

Adams has developed great skill as well as negatives, and such art tells for the Mission. West China would be well known to our readers if we could reproduce all the pictures furnished us by the Publicity Committee there.

¶ That Negroes want more and better schools is shown in the fact that 30,000 Negroes in Texas recently gave in a single month \$20,000 for educational work.

¶ A late letter from China says that in the midst of the world war China is having her own troubles. The south and north have not thus far been able to harmonize their differences. It is good that the American missionaries are in favor with the people. It is likely also that China's participation in the world war may save her at home. Russia sets her a good example of what follows when practical anarchy takes the place of orderly government.

¶ At Monmouth, Oregon, there is a normal school having some 800 pupils in the course of the year, who go throughout the State and who sometimes are the best equipped leaders of the higher life of the whole community. Many of them are in districts far removed from great centers. It has been found that the students are peculiarly accessible and the new missionary of the Convention and the Home Mission Society, Rev. E. B. Pace, who is the only resident pastor in the town, "in his brief ministry has already gotten into the very innermost life of the students in the institution" and has been placed in charge of the Biblical instruction at the head of the Christian societies of the school.

¶ The statistical report prepared by Dr. Lansing Burrows shows that there are 24,833 Baptist churches in the South, with membership of 2,844,000. There were 148,699 baptisms the last year. The churches have property valued at \$64,772,860; raised for home purposes \$11,785,194; for missions home and foreign

\$1,973,916; and for other benevolent work \$1,587,047. The total sum given by the Southern Baptists during the year was \$15,346,158. The report of the Home Board showed total receipts of \$663,000; total baptisms 31,000. These receipts for home missions were nearly \$200,000 more than ever before. From the churches the receipts were \$565,000. The Sunday School Board contributed \$10,000 from its profits. The church building department received about \$82,000, a large advance. The year closed without debt. The Foreign Mission Board received \$1,006,189, including \$153,265 for the Judson Centennial Fund. There were 5,557 baptisms on the foreign fields, which have 464 churches, 141 of them self-supporting.

¶ This fall the Southern Baptists expect to open a new Baptist Training School in New Orleans, which they hope to make a second Moody Bible Institute in purpose and scope. The property of the Sophie Newcomb College has been purchased for the School.

¶ Lack of interest is usually coupled with lack of knowledge and they react upon each other. The boy who doesn't care doesn't learn, and the boy who hasn't learned doesn't care. Fortunately youth has a natural curiosity and ambition which tends to offset this depressing principle. But middle life too frequently settles downward when it settles down, becoming self-satisfied or indifferent to what lies outside its immediate necessary interests. In one of our smaller states there are about 250 Baptist churches that contribute nothing to either the Foreign Mission or Home Mission work of our denomination. A campaign of education including contact with large-visioned, earnest fellow Christian laborers is what they need.

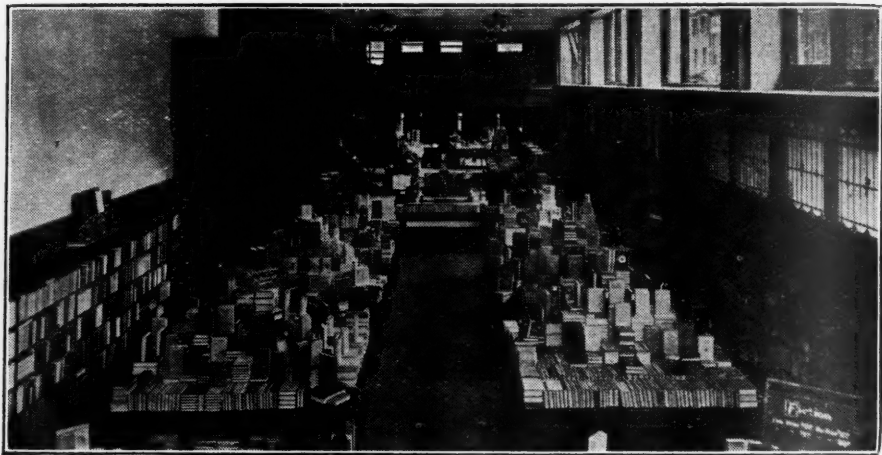
The Right Type of Chaplain

Bishop Charles Henry Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who is Senior Headquarters Chaplain of the chaplain forces in France, was born in Newcastle, Ontario, April 9, 1862, and in December, 1901, was consecrated Bishop of the Philippine Islands. For three years previous to his consecration he served on the editorial staff of *The Churchman*. He was foremost in the campaign against the opium traffic, having been a member of the Philippine Opium Commission in 1903-4, chief commissioner for the United States and president of the International Opium Commission in 1908-9, chairman of the United States delegation to the International Opium Conference at The Hague in 1911, and president of the Conference. He is the author of many well-known religious books, the most recent of which, "Prisoners of Hope," was published in 1915. Bishop Brent has been in France for a number of months, actively interested in the work of the chaplains and of the Y. M. C. A. General Pershing and Bishop Brent have long been on terms of close personal friendship and mutual attachment.

Young People of Old Colony Association

For thirty years the young people of the Old Colony Association, of Plymouth County, Mass., have sustained an annual meeting in the interests of foreign missions, with attendance from one to two hundred according to location. The thirty-first meeting was held at North Scituate, with 130 present. There were varied exercises by the children, and over \$100 was paid into the treasury. Visiting pastors and laymen made addresses, and Mrs. Safford, from the Rooms in Boston, gave stories from abroad. Ella C. Robinson, children's secretary in the Old Colony, says all agreed that it was a profitable and interesting meeting.

The Highland Park Conference looked out, as from a mount of vision, upon a new denominational order, which involves in its scope nothing less than a revived, reconsecrated church, made ready by the indwelling spirit of its Great Head to meet any and all demands of a new day, in which, if true to Him, the church shall shine forth in the garments of righteousness, and serve fully His will to bring in His kingdom among men, to the glory of God the Father.



Daily Vacation Bible School in Idaho

BY REV. W. E. MONBECK, OF COEUR D'ALENE

WE had a four weeks term, May 27 to June 21. Mrs. McMartin, principal of one of our public schools, was superintendent and principal of the Junior Department. Mrs. Kemp of Spokane had charge of the Primary Department. We found no difficulty in registering in advance all the pupils we could accommodate. They represented seven nationalities and eleven denominations. The average attendance for the term was 118 not counting the regular helpers.

The Junior girls learned to sew, knit and crochet. They did considerable work of this kind for the Red Cross. The Junior boys worked in wood. We learned that the twine for hammock making was quite expensive, so cast about for some other kind of manual work. We have three large saw mills in the vicinity and could get board ends from the planing mills at little or no expense. Two of our men working in one of these mills took their noon hour to rip up these boards into the dimensions desired. We have a large unfinished room in our basement. Here we placed six long tables and had a workshop accommodating forty Junior boys. They made flower boxes, sleeve boards, plate racks, knife and spoon trays, salt boxes, bird houses, Red Cross collection boxes, etc. Yes, they made a

good deal of noise with their pounding and sawing, but then it attracted them and held them for the school. We had no trouble whatever with irregularity in attendance. Of course we had an exhibition of handwork and a program of the Bible work on the last day, with a large number of the parents in attendance.

All felt that the school was a great success. The children gained a great deal of Bible knowledge, and this of course was the primary object of the school. They were hearty and unanimous in their request for a longer term next summer. The parents were interested through the children. Many of these parents, not themselves members of the church, were prompt to recognize the value of the school and to commend the work done. Some of them expressed surprise at the amount of Bible knowledge gained by their children. By fulfilling its mission of ministry the church was strengthened and blessed. Such work adds to its prestige in the community.

While the Church has sent an expression of thanks to the Publication Society, thanks are also due to District Superintendent Geo. L. White for his personal interest and help. I am proud of our Publication Society for what it is doing along the line of the D. V. B. S. Without



MELROSE BAPTIST DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL, OAKLAND, CAL.

its financial help it would have been impossible for us to have had our school. When the pastor feels that through the aid of a great Society his church is rendering a daily worth while service to the community it makes him hold his head a little higher and go forward with new courage.

The Church bought neat reward pins for our seven regular helpers. We got reward pin No. 37 from the Publication Society, had engraved upon it "D. V. B. S., 1918," and presented these pins publicly to the girls who helped us without salary.

One Way to Bring the Bible to the Children

BY REV. HENRY SCHENKOFSKY, PH.D.

TO cooperate with the Publication Society and organize a Daily Vacation Bible School in every community on the Pacific Coast is one way to overcome the evils in our beautiful California and several other states where we are not allowed to mention the Bible in the public school.

The Melrose Baptist Church of Oakland, Cal., had this year a five weeks' summer session of Bible work and some manual training for children of that community. The principal of the school aimed to give the children in five weeks as much of the Bible as children usually get in one year in Sunday school.

The school was very inexpensive, salaries and material cost \$95 only. At the same time it was up to date in every way. Orchestra, artist, principal and several specialists, one for the kindergarten and one serving as principal's assistant, were among the assets of the school. There

were also over twenty volunteer workers who gave from two to five weeks of their time. Although the room and equipment was limited yet there was an enrollment of 275 children, or in other words a great enough number for a very progressive Sunday school.

The Daylight Bookshop—1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

BOOK-LOVERS within a radius of fifty miles of Philadelphia find the "Daylight Bookshop" of the American Baptist Publication Society at Chestnut and Seventeenth streets a constant source of satisfaction. It is well-stocked with everything in the line of books and literature; it is convenient of access; it is true to its name; and the staff of people who are on hand to look after the wants of customers, know the value of uniform courtesy and good nature. Briefly, it is an ideal bookstore and a restful place to wait.

Baptist preachers, many of them pastors more than fifty miles away, are fond of the "Daylight Bookshop." Every Monday finds between one and two hundred of them visiting it in quest of the latest Baptist publications. And so, Baptists from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and even New England or far-away western points, are made welcome. The Board of Managers of the Publication Society desire Baptists from any state to feel free to stop at the headquarters, to send packages there, or to arrange appointments to meet friends. Many persons are taking advantage of this understanding, and it is much appreciated.

The store has several exceptionally large display windows which are utilized to the best advantage to give the public some idea of the books carried in stock. The display in each window is pleasantly varied from time to time. In addition to the books of all kinds the usual magazines and illustrated papers are kept in stock for the convenience of all purchasers.

Naturally, the Daylight Bookshop has a fine display of Bulletin Boards, Hymn Boards, Banners of all kinds, Reward Cards of every description, Communion Sets, and everything in the way of supplies for churches and Sunday schools.

The large display of books is tastefully arranged on the pyramid book tables in the center of the store. The workers are all well trained book-sellers and the visitor is sure of a pleasant and tactful welcome when he visits the store. The "Daylight Bookshop" is conducted for the accommodation of its friends, and its popularity is proof that this policy of the Board of Managers of the Publication Society is appreciated.

A Colportage Vacation

PACIFIC Coast District Superintendent G. L. White says that Colporter and Mrs. C. M. Gardner were granted two weeks vacation by the Publication Society, and they went up into what is known as the "Lake Country" for a change. After spending a few days in resting, they both became restless, and were anxious to get back into the harness. Briefly, they started in to find something to do. What they accomplished is best told by Mr. Gardner as follows:

When Sunday came I went to the "Camp Boss" and asked permission to use the dancing pavilion for services. After some persuasion he granted the request. The young people from three large camps soon began to gather for a dance and were much surprised to find us holding a service and singing some of the old Gospel songs. When I got up and quoted some Scripture and began to preach they stared at me in astonishment and a few began to giggle and went away. They returned very soon, however, bringing others with them and settled down

to good order. At the close several thanked me heartily for the sermon and said they had been helped. Others came and said they thought it was very appropriate to spoil the dance on Sunday with a religious service. It opened the way for a lot of religious conversations in the camp.

When Wednesday evening came we were hungry for a prayer meeting, so we went to a farmhouse in the afternoon, where a number of men and women were working in a field nearby. We asked a woman, who was in the house, if we might hold a prayer meeting in her home. She looked shocked and annoyed but consented reluctantly. When I asked her to call the people from the field and to invite a nearby neighbor she said frankly that it was no use, for their work in the field was so very important that they would not come. However, a little later we began to sing some good old songs, and when the people in the fields heard the music they soon gathered until the room was well filled. They seemed to be hungry for the Gospel. After a brief talk on prayer we requested them to kneel with us and to our surprise nearly every one spoke a few earnest words of prayer. I do not believe I ever attended a more interesting or helpful prayer meeting. At the close, the man of the house, who was the father of fourteen children, came to me with tears in his eyes and expressed the appreciation of our songs and service. He said, "We wanted to finish our work this evening, but could not stay away when we heard the songs." They very earnestly urged us to hold another service later.

The next Sunday we traveled 45 miles to Willits and held services in our little church there, and the following Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings we gave addresses on "Training for Service." One young man earnestly accepted Christ as Saviour and asked to be baptized. We sold quite a number of Testaments and good books. We called on families far and near and secured several names of those who had not been to church for a long time. Thus ended our two weeks' vacation. It is a glorious work and we really have more pleasure and enjoyment in such service than we do in resting at the camp in the hills.

An Evangelistic Campaign in Pu Ning (South China)

BY REV. GEORGE W. LEWIS OF CHAOYANG

THE district city of Pu Ning is famous as the birthplace of Admiral Fang, who belonged to Gordon's "Ever Victorious Army" which suppressed the Tai-ping rebellion a little over fifty years ago. No village or hamlet in the region of Swatow, but knows and remembers the name of Admiral Fang, because of his work in suppressing the robbers who infested this region following the Tai-ping rebellion. Many of the stone pillars that he had set up in connection with that work are now worshiped by the superstitious. His one great blemish was his bitter hatred towards Christianity. In almost his last breath he warned his fellow-clansmen to keep the foreigners and Christianity out of Pu Ning. For many years there was a general agreement in the Fang family that any of their number that dared to become Christians should be ground to powder.

Times have changed, however. Last year a chapel was built on land purchased of the Fang family. At the dedication a great-grandson of the old Admiral made a speech and is friendly both to Christianity and to foreigners. We even made calls in the splendid new village that was built under the direction of the old Admiral himself—yes, even in the rather fine palace which he made for himself. True, it was a sort of shock to find a game of crap going on in the court, the players being the eighth and thirteenth sons of the old man, together with a woman who appeared to be the inferior wife of one of them, and also a group of unpromising-looking fellow-clansmen. If the shades of the old man had really been present in the image enshrined there in the room, how it must have raged to see the depths to which his sons had fallen, and especially as proved by the fact that two foreigners were allowed to enter and by their presence disturb his resting-place.

It was in this city that Dr. Foster had planned a week's evangelistic campaign in which I was invited to share. Every evening we had a congregation of more than

two hundred. First came a song service, followed by a straight gospel sermon; and we closed with lantern-slides mainly on the Life of Christ. The interest and attention were good. The local preacher seems well acquainted with all the leading people of the city, and so our days were filled with making calls on them and doing personal work in that way.

On Sunday eleven asked for baptism. Seven were received and the remaining four were advised to wait for a little further instruction. As only three weeks earlier eight persons had been baptized there, it is evident that the gospel is getting a hold on Pu Ning. Of the fifteen persons thus baptized within a month seven are clansmen of the old Admiral! Three of the others were led to Christ by two of the seven just mentioned.

One of the Fang family, who is a young school-teacher in a neighboring village, gave a very interesting account of his Christian experience. When nine years old he read in a non-Christian school a short sketch of Jesus' life in a book of biography. That life much attracted him. When he was twelve he went with his father to make a call on a Christian relative who was teaching in a mission school. While there the relative talked to the father about becoming a Christian, but he listened rather indifferently. However, the truth sank into the heart of the listening boy, who resolved that he too would be a Christian when he grew older. A further eleven years passed when the church building was erected in Pu Ning and the young teacher at once began to come to church. He brought with him a group of other teachers who are his friends. When he tried to get his friends to openly confess Christ with him they said, "You say that it is a good thing, but you have not yet dared join the church. Why do you talk to us about it?" In giving his experience he paused and said, "I am asking for baptism now, and then I am going after my friends again."

That is the spirit that wins.

Our Homeless Churches in Japan

BY REV. WILLIAM WYND OF TOKYO

SOME fifteen years ago in one of our Sunday schools over in Japan there were two boys in whom one of our missionaries became deeply interested. They were both bright, attractive boys, eager to learn, and the Lord opening their young hearts both were baptized and received into the church. As the pastor gave them the hand of fellowship, and spoke a word about this momentous step that was to influence their whole life, the missionary tried to peer forward into the misty future, wondering what it would hold for the lads.

The mother of one of the boys was a poor widow who worked hard to support herself and her three children, but she was the daughter of a Samurai, and the Samurai spirit of self-sacrifice burned as a flame within her bosom.

One day she came to the missionary and said, "I am a poor woman, but I want to give my boy a good education, and will esteem it a favor if you can introduce him to a Christian school."

A suitable school was found, and the mother working hard from early morning till late at night kept him in school till he graduated five years later. By that time, by dint of scraping and saving, and darning and mending, she had managed to save a few hundred yen. He hair had grown gray under the process, but her smile was as bright as ever when she brought her savings to her boy and said to him, "It would be a pity for you to stop half way in your educational career; take this and use it in putting yourself through college."

Through the sacrifice of his mother the boy was enabled to go on with his education till he graduated with honors from a famous university. Today he occupies a high position, and is doing a splendid work in the service of his fellowmen, and all because his mother through sacrifice gave him the equipment he needed for his life's work.

The other boy, baptized at the same time, had a parent of a very different stamp. He wanted quick returns from his son, so thinking only of the present he took him

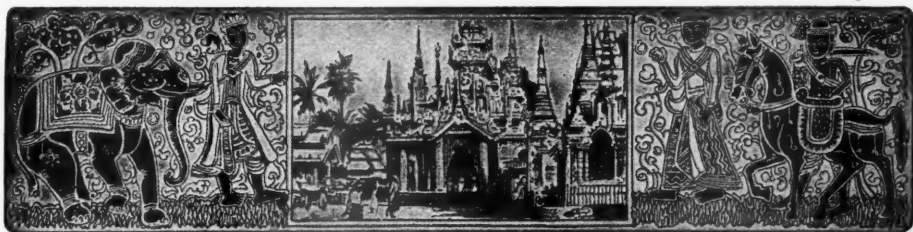
away from school and sent him to work before he had more than the rudiments of an education. Handicapped by the burden that his parent put on him before he was equipped to bear it, the development of the boy was arrested, and his influence today is immeasurably less than that of his companion who was blessed with a mother who had vision, the capacity for self-denial, and patience to wait for the appointed season of fruitage.

This is a true story with a moral which ought to be pondered by every member of our denomination. The Baptist churches in America are the parents of the Baptist churches in Japan, and we have taken that second parent's methods in our dealings with the children God has given us. We have not equipped them for their great fight against the forces of darkness. We have thrust them forth to do the work of maturity when their strength was but the weakness of childhood. While other denominations have fostered and developed their native churches, giving to them homes, and helping them to reach a position of influence, we were thirty years at work in the land before the question of equipping our churches was ever taken up seriously. Even today, after nearly half a century of work in the empire, out of the thirty-two churches connected with our Mission one half of them are homeless churches.

These homeless churches are at once the shame and the weakness of the denomination that brought them forth and left them uncared for. They should have been in a position today to fill up the gaps caused by old age and death in the ranks of the missionary force, but they are not in a position to fill up the gaps, because we did not make the necessary sacrifice to equip them for the fight. At this critical time when heavy responsibility rests on Japan; when the nation is seeking the light; when the forces of Buddhism are organized to make a supreme effort to check the influence of Christianity, shall we Baptists rest content with throwing into the firing-line only one half of our forces, while the other

half, for lack of equipment, cannot take the part they ought. This condition is not worthy of the denomination. The Samurai mother with the wide vision and self-sacrificing spirit is an example to us. Our own people rising with fervent patriotism to meet the crisis that has arisen in the world's history and giving the best they have for the service of humanity, have shown the Lord's people the way to take up their task. Shall we follow them in this way of sacrifice? To meet the situation in Japan the Board has planned to spend fifty thousand dollars in equipment for the

homeless churches; but they can only carry out this plan when some of you who read these lines feel the burden, make the sacrifice and lead the way. Two of the Lord's stewards have already come forward and promised one thousand dollars each for this work of providing homes for the churches, so the ball has begun to roll, and over in Japan we watch with anxious eyes to see how far it will roll and how soon we may expect to see all of our churches in the fighting line, fully equipped with this that is necessary to carry them forward to victory.



THE STORY OF MAUNG PO MYA OF RANGOON

I WAS born in a little village of Winkyan about 17 miles away from Moulmein. My parents were the only Christians in the village. After the death of my grandmother I was sent to Moulmein to study in the A. B. M. Boys' School under Miss S. B. Barrows. When fourteen years old I was converted and became a happy lad. At the age of 18 I left that school and joined the Rangoon Baptist College. From that time on until to-day I am always in the Baptist College Compound. I began to teach here since 1898. I love the College and the Mission Schools because without them we cannot appreciate the love of Jesus as we ought to. Here we see the consecrated lives of many missionaries. They take nothing for themselves but they give everything they have for the good of others. This College is a home surrounded by pure atmosphere and consecrated lives. It is the centre where the young men and young women get both secular and religious education. The older I grow the more I love the students here. The College is the place where one can do much missionary work either

directly or indirectly. The College is the very place where many young men have become earnest and devout Christians by simply seeing the lives of many consecrated Christians. Dr. Cushing and Dr. Hicks had done a good work for the College. A David and a Solomon.

MAUNG PO MYA.

Saya Mya has been a very successful teacher in Rangoon Baptist College. He has recently been advanced to teach in the Anglo-Vernacular Normal School, and thus become a model for teachers.

He is a large-hearted, courteous gentleman. It has been his task for many years to care for the sick, and he has done it with patience and tenderness. His love for the students is very genuine and he recommends Christ to them persistently whenever his close relations to them afford opportunities. Fully occupied with his duties within the schools he has hardly left the precincts for many years. But he has turned many a young Burman to righteousness.

WALLACE ST. JOHN, *Principal.*

Tributes to Dr. Henry C. Mabie

A Decisive Ten Minutes

Home Secretary Aitchison, speaking of Dr. Mabie, gave this incident: I can never think of this life but what I think of a faithful pleader for missions. Missions was the passion of his life. He threw himself, all that he was, into the great world missionary program of our Lord. One day I received a telegram. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. I was just leaving my home to go to call upon one of the families of my church where there was sickness. There were only eleven words in that message: "Passing through today number five. Glad to see you if convenient." I went to the station and Dr. Mabie stepped off the Pullman car, and he and I talked, rather he talked, for ten minutes. And then the train sped on. But those ten minutes proved to be a turning point in my life and in my ministry. I say I can never think of the name of Henry C. Mabie but what I think of a devoted disciple of Jesus Christ and a passionate pleader for missions. And the awakening that came to my heart as a result of my contact with him has been one of the greatest blessings that ever came into my life.

In his thought there was no difference between the two. One could not be a devoted follower of Christ without at the same time possessing a passion for missions. The outstanding characteristic of Dr. Mabie's administration as Home Secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society was the great emphasis he placed upon the spiritual life. In his addresses in local churches and in missionary conferences with pastors and church leaders, which were held extensively over the country during his administration, he emphasized, with telling effect, the importance of the spiritual life and of a right relationship with the will and purpose of God in winning the world for Christ. Through his strong personality and virile messages he was the means under the providence of God of giving to scores of pastors throughout the country a new spiritual and missionary vision. And many of our churches came into a new

missionary awakening as a result of his ministry.

Two Passages of a Striking Address

President Horr of Newton Theological Institution was peculiarly well qualified to speak of Dr. Henry C. Mabie, and his address at the funeral service in Roslindale was a fitting tribute to a great spiritual leader. For ten years Dr. Horr was chairman of the committee that directed the work of Dr. Mabie among our schools and colleges and in foreign lands. He told of that work, and of the great influence it exerted. The impressions made in foreign lands, non-Christian and Christian, were surprising. "I do not think," said Dr. Horr, "that within the last century our denomination has had a leader who was more widely known throughout the whole Christian world. This is in itself a sufficient tribute to the greatness of his character, the influence of his work." After describing the remarkable missionary lectureship, and indicating the reasons of Dr. Mabie's success in winning confidence, respect and love, Dr. Horr closed with these discriminating and illustrative passages, which our readers will be glad to have and to read more than once. If the first is illuminating, certainly the second is inspiring, as it shows how an action may have wholly unexpected results upon a life.

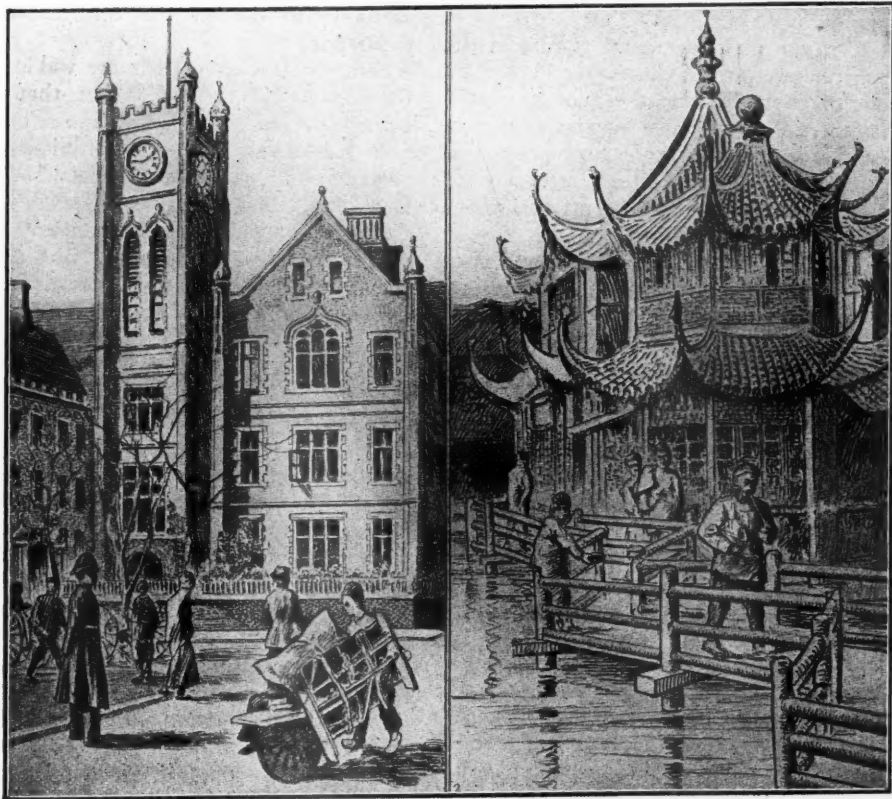
Referring to Dr. Mabie's charming autobiography as a real contribution to Christian devotion and inspiration, Dr. Horr said:

One thing impresses the reader: how deeply his own spirit had responded to the interior spirit of the Gospel. There are two representations of the relation of the Christian to the Christ in the New Testament that often puzzle the reader. In some places we are said to be "in Christ," in other places the Christ is said to be "in us." I think these representations are to be harmonized by some such analogy as this: I can imagine a coarse man becoming heir to a great heritage, with its libraries and gardens, with its picture gallery and music room. They all belong to him because they have been left to him by will. He is in them, but they are not in him. Not until he appreciates the riches of that library, not until he is able to respond to the wonder of its pic-

tures, not until his soul thrills with the delight of the music does that heritage enter into him. It is a very easy thing for us to come into Christ, but to take the astounding gift of the Gospel, but for the Gospel to enter into us until our spirits vibrate to its subtler harmonies, until we come to a profound and fresh appreciation of the divine life and the significance of salvation, that is a very different thing. And Henry Clay Mabie had not only come in Christ, but Christ had come in him. And there were deep and intimate and vital responses of his spirit to the spirit of the Lord. I doubt if any man of our time has so intuitively apprehended that wonderful ninth chapter of St. John's Gospel as had Dr. Mabie. His interpretation of that chapter in his great book on the Reason of the Cross deserves the attentive meditation of every student of the Word.

In his biography he mentions that when he was a boy at home he was taken by his mother to a missionary meeting, which was addressed by Dr. Judd of the Hawaiian Islands. And all through the service he slept upon his mother's lap, but he woke up at the time the contribution

was being taken and he saw his mother draw from her finger a gold ring. He knew the history of that ring. It was made from gold mined by her brother in California and given as a ring to a loved sister-in-law, and when that sister-in-law was dying she gave this ring as her last bequest to Dr. Mabie's mother. He saw his mother draw from her finger this ring and put it in the contribution box. And you will find as he says in his biography, he never lost the impression of the devotion of his mother to the cause of the Lord Jesus, when she could give that ring. And that spirit was in his life. I know very few men so free from professionalism and self-seeking, so willing absolutely to devote themselves to the service of Christ as Dr. Mabie. I respond in words that have been spoken here this afternoon. What a blessed thing it is to pass from these streets with their mud and their dust and stand upon the pavements of the heavenly city; to go from these houses of wood and stone to the many mansions that Christ has prepared; to pass from these associations of the earth to the vision of Christ and His eternal fellowship. That is the promise of the Lord.



EAST AND WEST AS THEY MEET IN CANTON, CHINA

✠ TRUTHS THAT BURN ✠

A List of Dishonor

*THIS ARTICLE BY AN INDIGNANT CONTRIBUTOR OUGHT
TO MAKE SOME CHURCHES AND MEMBERS THINK HARD*

AN Association of ten Baptist churches with a combined membership of 1,200 contributed this past year \$1.00 to the United Foreign apportionment. Not one of the ten churches sent a letter or a report to either the General or the Woman's Society. The per capita gift from the Association was one-twelfth of a cent per year. Really the dollar was given by one person.

Can you make a mental picture of the spiritual sterility of these churches? One out of twelve among the apostles was a traitor. By a terrible inversion of proportion only one out of twelve hundred "baptized believers" (!) expressed loyalty to the cause of Christ by contributing one dollar.

Is this an Association in "good and regular standing"? If so what would constitute "bad and irregular standing"?

Are slackers more dangerous in the State than in the church?

If so, why?

In this same state containing 514 churches, 120 contributed nothing to Foreign Missions, nearly one-fourth the entire number. Scores of others contributed farcical sums.

So far as the records show no one has ever risen to decry the dangerous heresy of these ten churches. The State Convention fellowships them, even aids them, it may be. Is such practical denial of Christ's authority less heterodox than wrong opinions about the inspiration of scripture?

Would a million of such "baptized believers" add anything to the moral or spiritual strength of our denomination?

Is it not about time to make missionary

slackers feel as out of place in a decent church membership as would be unrepentant saloonkeepers?

Certainly the presence of such "baptized believers" does more to lower the spiritual temperature of an Association than could a similar number of plain drunks. For the "drunks" would be regarded as a disgrace, while these slackers are able to deaden the consciences of thousands.

Some State Conventions are waking to the menace of these churches that are ninety-nine per cent disloyal, and refuse to give aid unless some sort of missionary contribution is made by the aided church. But often this remedy is applied in a perfunctory and formal manner. The church sends in its "offering" of a dollar to "Home," a dollar to "Foreign" and two dollars to the State Convention much as it would play a hated tax. It must be done if they get the money, so they do the little they must do, and sleep for another year, unrepentant and unashamed.

Why ought not churches to be disciplined for this flagrant breaking of their covenant vows? Why ought not systematic instruction to be undertaken? The answer is, both ought to be. There simply is not any other side for a self-respecting servant of the Lord Jesus to take.

Nothing multiplied by a million equals nothing.

A thousand churches of this stamp added to the denomination would add not one ounce to its spiritual or moral weight. The money spent in securing such converts is wasted money. They have a name to live and are dead.

THE CALL OF PATRIOTISM

Need to be Sparing Just the Same

Housewives throughout the country who patriotically put their homes on a wheatless basis last spring have been released from their pledges to the Food Administration to go absolutely without wheat. As no change has been made in the "fifty-fifty" rule housewives will continue to purchase an equal weight of wheat substitute with their wheat flour. Bakers are still obliged to make victory bread, which must contain at least twenty-five per cent wheat substitute.

This release of housewives followed close upon like action in case of hotels, restaurants, clubs and dining car services. Coming in of the new wheat crop has made it possible for the nation to go back partially to its old habits of eating. But the uncertainties of war and the necessity for building up a food reserve are incentives to caution, even in the face of a good crop.

The response of the American housewife last spring, when the country's wheat reserves were exhausted and only wheat saved by abstinence could be sent abroad in response to the life-and-death appeals of the Allies, is regarded by the Food Administration as one of the finest manifestations of patriotic spirit since America entered the war. Hundreds of thousands of homes went partly or wholly on a wheatless basis.

Save Sugar

The American housewife is to have no chance to relax in Food Conservation. Just as the wheat situation begins to ease up, the sugar problem appears.

If we use sugar as we did in times of peace, there will not be enough for our soldiers and our Allies.

Our great war program has reduced our sugar-carrying fleet; the sugar requirements of our overseas army are very large; we have used 50,000 tons of sugar shipping to send food to Belgium; more than 50,000 pounds of sugar was sunk off our shores

recently; our domestic crop is less than we expected.

To meet the shortage, we must reduce our normal consumption of sugar by half. This comes as more of a sacrifice than the wheat program, for we are a nation with a formidable sweet tooth.

Carbohydrates are pure fuel. Sugar, being 90% carbohydrates, provides quickly the stimulation needed before great physical effort — provides as quickly the extra heat needed to restore energy to the body after long exposure or in great fatigue. Our soldiers must have this fuel for their bodies during the tremendous efforts that they are making on the Western Front. We can get all that we need from other foods that are available to us, starches, vegetables, syrups.

Therefore it is merely a question of whether we shall continue to gratify a taste, or do our share in sending that sugar to France — a direct giver of energy with which our boys can overwhelm the Boches.

The price of this sugar is patriotism — the price is in your pocket — of your will-power! nowhere else!

Save sugar! Keep within the limit.

**WHATEVER MR. HOOVER ASKS
YOU TO DO, DO IT. HE HAS A
REASON.**

Mourning

Shall I wear mourning for my soldier dead,
I — a believer? Give me red,
Or give me royal purple for the King
At whose high court my love is visiting.
Dress me in green for growth, for life made
new;
For skies his dear feet march, dress me in
blue;
In white for his white soul — robe me in
gold.
For all the pride that his new rank shall
hold.
In earth's dim gardens blooms no hue so
bright
To dress me for my love who walks in light!
— Gertrude Knevels.

Somewhere in India

THE following sketch of an Indian Christian pastor was not written of our own Telugu Missions but of one to the West of us in South India. It so exactly duplicates conditions of our own work and is so truly the story of what is happening and has happened in scores of our village schools that we reproduce it. It was written by Brewer Eddy.

"Some fifty years ago, you might have discovered a small boy in a poverty-stricken pariah village. He was the son of Christian parents, but his village had never had a chance. For generations these pariahs had been called the "untouchables," the "outcasts." They were driven beyond the borders of the town where caste families lived. They were absolutely ignorant, not a man nor a woman could read nor write. It was thought as impossible to teach them as to train a cow to read. The whole intolerable weight of India's caste system bore hardest on them. Before England's rule bettered their condition they had been serfs, sold with the soil for \$4 or \$5 each. A generation ago his parents were not allowed within a hundred paces of the temple. If a pariah passed a Brahmin on the open road, he must withdraw twenty paces and call behind his upraised hand, like the lepers in Ben Hur, "Unclean," "Unclean."

Even in Santiago's boyhood, the poverty of that typical village was so great that the income of the average family would not equal *one dollar per month*. I do not mean per capita, but for a whole family. How can soul be kept within the starved shell of the body under such poverty! The boy's home was a thatched mud hovel. His people were called by the despised word "Carrion-eaters." Surely before a boy from such a background, there could be no bright future, but listen.

First Santiago went to a village school; then he was selected from among the others for further training in the boarding school, where he lived under the earnest care of the missionary. Afterward, there came perhaps two years of a college course, and last of all his years in the Theological School. Thus in every step of his development, he was the product of the mission.

But now we pass the intervening years, and we can only look at just one bright scene that stands out in his later experience, when he has become a trained and dependable Christian pastor—leader of all the native forces in a great mission station. For the missionary has been called home to America, and there is no one to take his place. The work is too great to fall to the ground. It needs wise handling.

Few people in America have any conception of the work of a mission station, but there were in this case five churches and over twenty congregations besides eighteen village schools and the boarding school. All this work is in the hands of thirty-five native workers, men of education and of training, whose belief in prayer and whose confidence in faith would put most of us to shame. The work must be measured not only by its size, but by its needs, for around these churches there is a heathen population of over 200,000, waiting to be reached. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Where can men be found in the absence of the American missionary to guide and administer this plant? The one man considered is Pastor Santiago. He has come to his hour of opportunity.

Soon he is recognized as the greatest force for righteousness in the town. This station is largely Brahmin, yet it elected Pastor Santiago mayor of the town because he is considered the natural leader of the practical affairs of the district.

There is one man who has not been mentioned in the story, and he had a most important part to play. Here in a western church an earnest leader wanted to do something for a friend in the Madura Mission. For years he sent in \$12 annually to pay the support of a boy in the school. Later, he increased it to \$20, at the boarding school, and a little more was added to help the boy through college. Some years ago, the missionary who had left Santiago in charge of his own great station, talked face to face with this man whose gift of \$12 a year had made possible the training that brought this Indian leader to his present usefulness.

A Page that is Finely Suggestive

How to Make a Treasurer's Report Interesting

Rev. A. L. Snell, present at the annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Bloomfield, N. J., Baptist Church, heard Mrs. Rose, the treasurer, read a report which, he says, was so out of the ordinary and so greatly interested the audience of between seven and eight hundred, that he sent it to *MISSIONS*, thinking other treasurers might get a new idea of how to make a missionary report interesting. We are sure our readers will enjoy it, especially any who happen to be treasurers.

A MODEL TREASURER'S REPORT

As you all know, women are never happy unless they have everything in the latest style, and as Aerial Navigation seems to be the most up-to-date method of travel, we decided that we would have to prepare an Aerial fleet to successfully carry on our Missionary Drive this year. I heard a man say a short time ago that Aeroplanes were going to win the war. Whether right or wrong, I do not know, but we thought if they would win the war against the Kaiser, they might also be useful in winning one against his particular friend,—His Satanic Majesty himself.

By careful management, with our balances from last year, \$40.37 for the Home and \$49.88 for the Foreign, we completed two machines for our regular work—one an immense Dirigible for overseas flying, and a huge Monoplane for Home fields.

The Foreign Machine brought us in \$231.23, and the Home \$157.22. To assist these, as soon as we were able, a neat little aircraft bearing the motto "Thanks for Blessings Received" was fitted out, which realized \$40.67 for the Foreign and \$39.37 for the Home.

A small airship called the "Baptist Special," also netted \$31.50 for the Foreign (\$5 of which was for support of a Bible woman), and \$10.50 for the Home.

The Elizabeth Hall Biplane brought in \$30 for the help of the Hospital at Kimpesi, Africa.

The Little Heralds of our Primary Department fitted out a Baby Wright, which furnished \$3.40 for the cause.

A beautiful white Balloon was equipped by the Aero Cradle Club, realizing \$12.76.

To afford a rest for our tired missionaries of the homeland, a small Dirigible was fitted out which brought \$8.50.

Of this money \$275 was sent on the Foreign apportionment; \$30 for Mrs. Hall of Africa; \$2 for Little Heralds; \$12 for Dr. Degenring of India from the Cradle Club; \$5 for support of a Bible Woman; and \$25 extra for anything

that might be lacking, leaving a balance on hand to date in Foreign account of \$50.44.

One hundred and ninety dollars and sixty cents was sent on Home Apportionment, \$8 for Rest fund; and \$25.15 for special gift over and above, leaving balance on hand of \$32.21 in Home Treasury.

The only fault we have found so far in aeronautics is that the expenses are heavy. To provide for this a tax has been levied on passengers and members of the company at all meetings, from which we have realized \$34.59, which added to our last year's balance equals \$43.65.

Of this money we have spent for Lecturers on our various trips, \$10; Tickets (offering envelopes), \$1.70; Guide Books (topic cards), \$5.75; Wireless and electrical apparatus, \$3.95. Representative's traveling expenses, \$5.00; Decorations, \$1.20; Refreshments, Gasoline, etc., \$6.95; leaving a balance on hand to date of \$9.10.

The total amount of money raised this year, exclusive of last year's balance, is \$599.74. Each quarter's apportionment has been sent strictly on time, as we realize the fact that our missionaries need their salaries to live on during the year, and cannot wait until the end of the year for them. We have also sent \$107 besides our apportionment.

Whether because of the extra risk of aerial navigation, or because of the various patriotic drivers throughout the year, only 16 new passengers ventured to fly with us, a few of the former ones even backed out, so we have had only about the same as last year, 150. Now that our aviators have tried out their machines, and have proven them safe and serviceable, we hope to see the new recruits running over each other in their haste to join our ranks, so that next year we may do a greater work.

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. H. L. Rose, *Treasurer.*

An Example of Devotion

Read the following letter:

"We have no pastor. Our little aid society has just held our church together. We are trying to repair our building before another pastor comes. I have no sons in the war but I have five grandsons and I am trying to do my bit in knitting and in other ways. I cannot do much, as I am now past 87. However, we went to work and have raised \$5. We may be able to send more after a while."

Then ask yourself some questions which the letter is sure to suggest.

THE HELPING HAND

EDITED BY
HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY

EDITORIAL CHAT

BEFORE long all the women will be preparing for their big drive for new members during the week in which the Laymen are ringing their alarm bell to wake up Father N. B. C. Splendid plans for good team work have been laid by the two women's societies. Any group that will follow them is sure of reaping results. Meanwhile, here is something to think about and pray about:

If a reward of \$1,000 were offered for every new member I secured for this Missionary Society, would I work harder to get one than I mean to work now? If so, why?

The Jubilee Program promised in June is ready and doubtless is in many of your hands. If not, it is not too late to send for it. Send for the Jubilee Program prepared by Mrs. Montgomery. The program costs only two cents, but for thirty cents you can secure all the helps you will need in preparing the program, including one copy each of words of songs, Jubileograms, Spirit of Womanhood, Story of Thirty-nine Years, Plan of Unification, District map in colors, List of district colors, flowers, slogans, etc., Baptists in World Series, Golden Jubilee, Called to the Colors, Extension Manual, Membership cards, Intercessors' cards.

If additional Jubilee-grams for advertising the meeting, or additional Called to the Colors (new) or Intercessors or Membership Cards are needed, state the size of your society and these will be included without any additional cost.

The meeting can be held later than October if the October meeting has already been arranged for. The purpose of the meeting is to arouse interest in the glorious Jubilee Celebration to come in 1921, to get women to thinking and planning and praying and working so that in the most wonderful meeting that Baptist women have ever held (I mean the Jubilee Celebration, 1921), we can come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves. As General Pershing before the tomb of Lafayette said simply, "Lafayette, we are here," so we want to justify the faith and sacrifices of our mothers. If they among "the great cloud of witnesses" who watch our race look down on us, may they see us running with patience the race set before us.

* * *

One of the Society's faithful friends, a former State Secretary, expressed a beautiful thought the other day. She will be fifty years old in 1921, and her only daughter, who is a student volunteer, will be twenty-five. "I wish I could give a thousand dollars and be one of the National Days," she said, "but although I cannot give that I can at any rate make a more precious gift in offering my daughter as a missionary of the golden jubilee. She will be just ready then."

I wonder how many Jubilee enlistments

we shall have. Would it not be beautiful if we could commission and send out fifty missionaries on our fiftieth anniversary? Why not? Many more than that ought to be sent. All that is lacking is the money, and God has promised to supply all our needs if we ask Him.

* * *

A gift has just come to hand from one who says he does not want his name used, but if the Lord can use the incident to help others, he will be glad. He wrote some months ago, after the death of his wife:

"My wife was very economical and I want to invest her money where it will bring big returns for the Lord's cause. I have confidence that the women will spend the money wisely and economically, in work pertaining to salvation."

He now sends \$700 in memory of his wife and for the work of her Lord. He has decided also to dedicate his life to Christian service and is taking a course of study in preparation.

* * *

Mrs. Frederickson of Sona Bata, Africa, writes of the sad death of a little daughter of one of the teachers who was attacked by a swarm of bees, and asks us to pray for the father and mother; the father that he may return to his former interest in religious matters.

Mrs. Frederickson sends special thanks for the bandages, plasters, gauze, cloth and other supplies sent by many. The invoice of the blankets had been received from Montgomery Ward's, but the blankets were not yet received (May 17th).

* * *

Mrs. Henderson writes from Hasseltine House, Newton Centre, to thank all the friends who have been replenishing the linen chest and the bed linen. Women of the National Board have sent one dozen napkins, two dozen towels. The women of Peru, Nebraska, have sent three dozen towels. The members of the Pennsylvania State Board have sent a dozen knives and forks and teaspoons and orange spoons, also a table pad. Mrs. Failing sent a wood basket for the fireplace, Mrs. Hartshorn six wool blankets, and Miss Bate a guest book.

Others who want to remember this dear house where things do wear out may learn of others needs by writing to Mrs. Henderson, 40 Chase Street, Newton Centre, Mass.

* * *

I do not know when anything has discouraged me more than the report of a consecrated worker who narrated her struggles and failures to get any considerable body of women to pray for their missionaries. Five thousand women who enrolled to pray, out of a possible 750,000, is not enough — yet that is all we have after three years of effort. Doubtless some pray who do not pledge and some pledge who do not pray. But in any gathering of Christian women the number who recognize prayer as a form of Christian service is discouragingly small.

What shall we do? PRAY. The church is devitalized because it does not pray. The only thing that can vitalize it is prayer. The only ones who can do this service are those who pray. It would be an encouragement if those who are "laboring together in prayer" for the Kingdom, the missionaries, the spiritual awakening of the churches, would write to me. I want only those who will put this service first, giving time and strength and self to it, who are ready for hard assignments; who believe that God is calling them to this secret service for the Kingdom. Then as occasions arise I can communicate with these, who in turn can gather others like minded to pray.

* * *

A friend writes that one church gave up its prayer-meeting for four consecutive weeks in order to study one of the mission text-books. Given an enthusiastic leader and there is no quickener like such meetings. Try it.

Wants for Someone to Fill

The wants of our missionaries meet such a splendid response that I feel sure some one is praying. Dr. MacKenzie's heart is full of joyous gratitude. It is good to remember that the needs of all of our hospitals are recurrent, and as im-

perative as are those of the Red Cross. Small parcels of bandages sent often from many people will be a big help.

Our dear Mary Jones writes from her new school for women in Huchow, a list of wants. This is the first real "mother school" in China: a school where mothers can go, and not only learn how to read (an accomplishment denied to many fine ladies in China), but how to care for their homes and their babies. The school is new, the idea is new, and everything has to be thought of and supplied just as it does when you are going to housekeeping.

Now I suggest a postage stamp shower, a real downpour of pretty purple three-cent stamps and gay two-cents and modest green one-cents (Oh, yes! of course I mean new, unused ones). If every one who reads these words would give a stamp and get her friends or Sunday-school class or society to give them too, every need could be met and none of us feel the poorer.

Let us send her the packets of flower seeds and vegetable seeds. She will give them for Christmas presents. Let us send the pretty pictures, too, cut from the gay magazine pages. She especially wants them of mothers and babies. Then for the rest you send me the stamps. I will get them changed into money and Miss Jones will buy those things for the dear mothers and children in the school, and write us about it all.

Address, Miss Mary S. Jones, Huchow, China, care of Baptist Mission, if you send the seeds or pictures. Address Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, 144 Dartmouth St., Rochester, N. Y., if you send stamps. I'm holding out my umbrella again, wrong side up, to catch the stamps. Please hurry!

THE MODEST WANTS OF THE WOMAN'S SCHOOL
HUCHOW, CHINA
(Some of them, only!)

1. Money for a little organ for the children's room.
2. Money toward our lecture course, — no sum from one to a hundred dollars would be spurned; try us.
3. Money, any amount, for our advertising fund. Pay for a nice little bulletin and we will gladly publish it.
4. Money for a slide for the children, \$12 enough.
5. Money for a good pair of scales that we have our own for the weekly weighing of the children.

6. Money for photograph supplies — then we will be glad to supply you.

7. Large double boiler, enamel or aluminum, preferably one that is divided into two or three compartments. Also for the children.

8. A new wall clock or \$8.

9. Physiology charts in Chinese you cannot buy in America, but \$5 would help me buy them here.

10. We need money for three good lamps for our study hall and one for our front hallway.

11. Please don't forget that we never get too many good flower seeds, and that you should send them to us in the fall.

12. If you won't call it a luxury we would like to ask for \$3 to buy a fish jar for the children.

13. We want to keep buying the best books — even a dollar would help our library.

14. You could give us a daily paper for \$9 a year. Won't some one?

15. We never mention "wants" but we remind you we want prints of good pictures — and we still do.

As government regulations during war-time are subject to frequent change it might be well to see whether a small packet of seeds is allowed to be sent. If not, send stamps, and I will see that seeds are sent under proper license from some seed firm. Pictures can be sent under book-post.

The Book of Remembrance

In the hope of securing a larger number of readers the little book which is to help us remember our missionaries in daily prayer is to be somewhat changed in form this year. There will be no beautiful illuminated parchment cover, the paper will not be so fine, the pages not so many. A wonderful monthly cycle of prayer arranged by Andrew Murray, in which there are blank spaces to write individual objects of intercession, will be followed by all the names of the missionaries arranged on their birthdays. Then there will be a sketch map of each field with special topics of prayer arranged for each field. We can supply single copies of these including postage for ten cents, and a hundred copies (or fifty) to one address at half price. A dozen copies will cost 75 cents.

The little book with its help to intercession will be ready early in October. It would be a beautiful thing to give one to each member of a missionary circle or Sunday School class instead of a Christmas card. Andrew Murray's helps to prayer have been blessed of God to lead thousands into a new and deeper Christian experience.

THE LORD'S REMEMBRANCERS

PRAY THAT A SPIRIT OF PRAYER MAY BE GIVEN SO THAT MANY MAY BEGIN FAITHFULLY TO FOLLOW THE MISSIONARIES DAY BY DAY IN INTERCESSION.

"Intercession is not an effort to overcome any reluctance of God to help those who need him. He is ever yearning to reveal himself. It is not importunate asking, but the whole-hearted co-operation of mind and spirit in the purpose to be a channel of life and power. It is the sympathetic partnership which releases a divine force, operating through natural laws. We must not forget the fact that 'we love, because he first loved us.'"

"As we are, so we pray. All our desires affect our prayers. We cannot be petty and critical in heart and yet pray with intense yearning and love for others. We cannot be fretted and full of complaint and utter the prayer of faith. We must first face in God's presence the condition of our heart, before we can expect to intercede with power."

First Impressions of a Mission Conference

Two brand-new missionaries—it is impossible for us not to connect very closely our impression of the South China Conference, which began April 16th, with our general first impressions, since we had arrived only the preceding week, and were still marveling at the beauty of this spot, our new home. The cordial welcome given us by the missionaries of the Swatow compound seemed emphasized and reiterated by each comer from another station.

Much time of the sessions was given to the discussion of the report of the Newton Centre Conference, most of which was heartily concurred in by the members of our mission, as they had followed a similar program for years. The consideration of many local questions helped to give us an insight into the work of the mission. We think ourselves fortunate to have had conference so soon after our arrival.

It is as though a great book were opened before us at the middle pages when we have not read the beginning. The mere words are clear, for the most part, but the full import and connection cannot yet be

understood. There are hints of the highest of hopes, the most serious of problems, the most discouraging of heartaches, yet withal a truer friendship and a deeper consecration because of it all. Do you think we are not anxious to read more?

MARGUERITE EVERHAM,
ABBIE G. SANDERSON.

"I Was a Stranger"

Some years ago a young Japanese laborer found himself without food or funds as he tramped his way through Iowa. He begged for something to eat at the house of a farmer. In the farmer's wife he found a true friend who believed his story and gave him a five dollar bill. With this money the young Japanese decided to enroll in a neighboring agricultural college. He worked his way through college, from which he was graduated in the course in dairying.

When he returned to Japan he went to the Island of Hokkaido, where he now conducts a famous dairy farm in which the Utsunomiya butter, famous all over Japan, is made. He is a Christian man and uses his wealth for good and generous purposes, often sending a box of farm products to the generous friends in Iowa who helped him in his extremity.

A Challenge to Baptists

It is well to serve one's country, by conservation of food, by helping with hand-work, and by all other means in our power, but there is a definite, outstanding piece of work for us to accomplish in maintaining our WORLD MISSION enterprises. The claims of the war cannot be dissociated from the claims of Foreign Missions. We must sound forth from every State and Association and Circle officer our bugle call of advance.

Ohio Baptists compose an Ordnance Division of the King's Army. Ohio Baptists assist in maintaining a Christian Expeditionary force in the near and far East. The function of this Ohio Baptist Ordnance Division is to provide munitions of service, arrangements for transportation, equipments, supplies and hospital units. Our missionaries are none the less warriors because they use Bibles instead of bullets.

They are in the centers of throbbing alien populations, amongst which they are planting the seeds of a Christian democracy, that they be ready to be organized into a World Federation.

In one great stress of the world's history, people said as some of you say, "Why stress missions, this is God's work, and He will not allow it to suffer." "The Lord shall fight for you and you shall hold your peace," said Moses. "But the Lord said unto Moses: Wherefore criest thou unto me; speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward!" — *Quoted from the annual report of Mrs. T. E. Adams, State Secretary of Ohio.*

A Bag of Books

BY HELEN B. MONTGOMERY

One of the most hopeful signs that the tide of missionary interest is rising is the ever enlarging number of those who are reading missionary books. Several inquiries have been received of late in regard to recent missionary books that will be of value for the church library or the reading contests that are becoming so popular. The following list can be recommended without reservation. There is not a dull number in the bunch.

First the Foreign Mission study books for the coming year:

Women Workers in the Orient (35 cents), by Margaret Burton, and *Jack and Janet in the Philippines* (25 cents), by Norma Waterbury Thomas. Both writers are Baptist girls, gifted daughters of notable Baptist leaders. Their books ought to be circulated in all the churches. It is no work to get them read if only they are made available.

China from Within, Charles E. Scott (\$1.75), is an illustrated volume made up of the lectures delivered at Princeton. A book full of fresh and significant material regarding the life of the Chinese people.

China Inside Out, George Miller (\$1.00), is a book at once briefer and more slight than *China from Within*. Yet its brief sketches are full of life and color and adapted to some who might not be reached by the more thoughtful and authoritative presentation.

The White Queen of Okoyong, Livingstone, (\$1.00), is a delight on every page. It is a condensed life of Mary Slessor written for young people. In many respects it is better than the longer biography. It is indeed a story of adventure, heroism, and faith.

Helping the Helpers in Lower New York, Bainbridge (\$1.00). One of our most devoted city missionaries has written a simple moving record of the transformation wrought by the gospel in individual lives which she has known. The book is a tonic to faith and a stimulus to action.

We all love stories, especially *love* stories, so these two will be read all the more eagerly for their missionary flavor. *The Lady Elect*, Pitman (\$1.25), and *The Trail to the Hearts of Men*, Cory (\$1.00). Each is a good story, well told.

Anna Coope: Sky Pilot of the San Blas Indians (\$1.30), is a rare autobiography of a heroic missionary to the Indians of the Isthmus of Panama. The simple heroism of this woman who alone and unaided undertook to transform a tribe of eight hundred wild Indians shines out in unconscious beauty in every page.

Open the Window Eastward, Hawkes (\$1.00), is an altogether readable and charming account of the missionary work undertaken by our Baptist sisters of England. It is safe to say that no one will put down unfinished the story of "Pomegranate," "Going-a-Plaguering," "Zenana Echoes," "Certain Women," or the other chapters of this unusual record. This book will be imported on order from the Carey Press, London.

China, an Interpretation, by Bishop Bashford (\$2.50). Here is a big, authoritative, gripping book by one of the greatest living authorities on things Chinese. It ought to be in every public library. It can be if enough people ask for it. It contains illustrations, map, appendices and index.

Any of these books may be ordered through the Publishing Department, 450 East 30th Street, Chicago. Postage is extra.

MAGAZINE READERS, ATTENTION!

You are thinking about renewing your subscription for your favorite magazine?

Why not renew through our dear Endowment lady, Miss M. E. Leavis?

You know she gives all her commissions for magazine subscriptions to our Society?

She has actually set out to raise an endowment of \$100,000 for the W. A. B. F. M. S. and already has over \$1,000 raised.

You can get any magazine printed in the United States through her at the regular yearly subscription rates.

Let us help this Baptist girl with a big unselfish idea to coin that idea into money for our big, unselfish Society!

Send to Miss M. E. Leavis,
West Medford, Mass.



MRS. M. M. ROSE, MISS L. E. TSCHIRCH AND KAREN WOMEN ASSISTING IN THE KAREN WOMAN'S BIBLE SCHOOL, RANGOON, BURMA

The Seed Growing Secretly

Remarkable evidences are being found in many places in India of a far deeper penetration of Christian truth than is ever revealed in missionary statistics of the avowedly Christian believers.

Miss Grace Stephens of Madras, India, writes about some zenana meetings held in high caste Hindu homes where not one woman would be permitted to take a public stand for Christ.

In Triplicane nineteen ladies in the home of a Maharatta Brahmin allowed Christian missionaries to hold a prayer meeting in their house. One of them delayed a trip to the mountains in order to attend this meeting. In Egmore thirty ladies gathered from different homes to sing Christian hymns and listen to the Bible. At Pursewalkum some thirty ladies dressed in gorgeous robes and glittering with jewels met in a high caste home for prayer. One of them sang the "Glory Song," another, "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," and another a Tamil hymn about the birth of Christ. Many testified to their love for Christ.

Yet not one of these women of high

degree could leave her life of seclusion or be allowed to publicly confess Christ. In the seclusion of these Indian homes there is being quietly laid the foundations for a new India.

The New Kindergarten in Huchow

BY MRS. J. V. LATIMER

Our long hoped for Kindergarten has become a reality. It was opened at Chinese New Year, or about the first of March. We planned to open earlier, but could not secure a trained teacher. The one we have is one of our Ningpo girls who took her training in Peking, and who for some time was in the Union College there. She is doing good work.

We fixed up a building owned by the Society and formerly used as a dispensary. We painted the walls, whitened the ceiling, hung pictures, etc., so that now we have a most pleasing place for the little kindergartners. It is near the street, and we sometimes have a hard time to keep the crowds of spectators out, because it is such a novelty. The Chinese love children, and the sight of a child will bring a smile to the face of almost any of them,

even though cross and old. And a missionary's child is something still greater in their eyes. When we take our children out along the street we are always surrounded by a crowd exclaiming, "Aren't they white!" "the most wonderful children you ever saw!" "aren't they lots of fun!" etc.

Ours was the first kindergarten opened in Huchow, and we did not know how the Chinese would take to it. They like it. We thought that an enrollment of ten this half-year would be encouraging, but we have twenty-three, and more to come later. The children of the higher class families each has his own *amah*, or nurse, whom he rules with a high hand. These bring the children to school in the morning, and come after them at noon. And some from the military yamen are brought by soldiers. Most of the children have never been taught to mind or wait on themselves. If he does not wish to do a thing or to obey, the mother says "Pu-ken" (unwilling), and that settles it. You should have been present during the first few days after the opening of school. Some of the mothers came and when they wanted to leave there was a great howl. And those whose mothers had not come cried because the others did. It kept both Miss Zah and me busy most of the morning trying to keep order. Discipline was a new thing to them. But on the second or third day one of the older ones, who had been made to understand that he was not to have his own way in things, stood up in the middle of the circle and pointing at each of the others said, "Don't you cry; be good today," "Don't cry today." An old Chinese Confucian scholar visited the kindergarten one day and remarked, "How well the children are trained, and after only two weeks too!" We have kindergarten in the morning only, and at closing time the soldiers and amahs and other servants are lined up outside the building ready to take their charges home. They like to come early too and watch the work and play, looking in at the door and through the windows.

One of the fine things about the school is that all the children are from good families, ten of them being children of officials. All of them pay tuition. Two

of these are twins, a girl and a boy, and they are very attractive. Among these officials are the city treasurer, two advisors to the military official, an advisor and a secretary to the civil magistrate, three military officials, one of whom has as many as 1,500 soldiers under him. And I wish you could hear them sing. If you did you would never again think Chinese children cannot sing. They are a fine bunch of children! I am more than enthusiastic about them and the school. My husband recently said that we just live these days in the kindergarten.

The children dearly love the pretty pictures sent to us from home, and the colored beads. Other material has come also, which is both pretty and useful. The chairs and furniture look quite like home, because the Chinese workmen are very clever and can do wonderfully well in making things just from a picture. We gave them pictures from American catalogs and they have made our tables, chairs, blocks, etc., "just like home." The place is very wonderful to the children, because they have never seen the like before. I am sure they would all wish to thank you for the things you have sent and for the interest which has made the kindergarten possible. The girls of the Michigan State Normal sent a fine lot of material and the girls of the First Baptist Church, Denver, sent so many pictures and helps, while the "Nearer and Farther Lights" Circle of Monongahela, Pa., gave us the organ. And there are others who are giving towards the support of the kindergarten teacher and the running expenses. We thank you all.

The opportunities for opening other kindergartens in other parts of the city are unlimited, and we hope this one of ours is but the promise of many more. Our Lord said that a little child shall lead them. We trust that by gaining the confidence of the child and in training him aright the parents also may learn something of the childlike qualities of cheerfulness, unselfishness, and love from those who have first learned to govern themselves here in the kindergarten. The field of usefulness is wide, so we just "ask for more" that we may do the more for our Lord who loves these children.



CHAPEL AT LI TANG HSIA, WITH GROUP OF CHRISTIANS. THE PASTOR STANDS AT LEFT, WITH HAT ON. DR. MAC KENZIE, A LITTLE TO RIGHT OF CENTER, IS THE ONLY FOREIGNER PRESENT

Who Will Build this Church?

BY MRS. ALICE P. BROCKWAY OF KINHWA,
CHINA

Yesterday, being Sunday, we took chairs and went out of the city 12 li (four miles) to our oldest outstation, Li Tang Hsia, where there is a little church of about forty members. It was started about fifty years ago. The day was a perfect one — bright and sunny, but not hot. Our way led out of the city, across the stone bridge, which spanned the river, into the country. We passed fields of waving wheat and barley (the winter crop); fields of the young tender rice just growing up from the mud and water; besides wild roses, morning-glories and buttercups, which reminded us of home. The Southern Mountains rose before us in their grandeur, and the sky was blue above.

After about two hours we reached the little chapel; at least, that is what it is called,—but one had to use considerable imagination to realize that it was one. The room, itself about 16 x 20, had a mud floor and walls, the latter having been whitewashed. For seats there were narrow benches without backs, somewhat resembling our sawhorses. The platform at one end of the room, on which the preacher stood, tipped up if one stepped too heavily on it.

The preacher himself was a good-looking young man, a graduate of Shanghai

Seminary, but not ordained. He and his family live in rooms adjoining the chapel. The roof to these rooms leaks so badly that when it rains yard there is not a dry spot for the family to sit; and recently the water stood inches deep on the kitchen floor. One of the children has had pneumonia twice, as a result of living in this place. The pastor's salary, for the privilege of serving this church, is \$17 Mexican a month. The church members have been praying for ten years for a new church (which would include a home for the pastor). Should any one into whose hands this falls feel disposed to assist in an effort now being made to build such a church, it will be gratefully received and appreciated, I am sure. The church members are very poor, as one to see them would know; yet they raised fifty dollars last year. Many of them are old, and some have been tried in the fire, and stood firm through the Boxer uprising of 1900. Even lately the pastor's life has been threatened, and one of the members, only a Christian of about three years' standing, has been bitterly persecuted and threatened because he refused to carry a lantern in the parade to the idols.

He said, "You can kill me, but I will not carry the lantern." We saw this man at the service.

In the afternoon, the Lord's Supper was celebrated. As the preacher is unordained, they can only have the ordinance when

some one comes, authorized to administer it. On this occasion, Mr. Dickie of the China Inland Mission was present, as our own evangelistic worker in Kinhwa is in America, on account of his wife's illness. We had a full day at the three services, and returned to Kinhwa tired, but feeling repaid for our effort.

[Please pray earnestly that the new building may be supplied which will enable this faithful little church to go forward. Pray for the members that their faith may be revived. — ED.]

READ THIS IN PRAYER MEETING

The God in Your Home

BY MRS. E. C. CRONK

She was a dainty slip of a Japanese girl. Her bright, wondering, almond eyes looked out in interested query at all things in the great wonderful America. Eagerly she studied at the American college. The girls called her Cherry Blossom, for she seemed like a bloom from her favorite cherry tree, blown across the ocean by a wind from her own Sunrise Land. "She fairly absorbs knowledge, and adopts our American customs in the most charming way," wrote Ethel Clarkson to her mother, when she was begging permission to bring Cherry Blossom home with her for the holidays. When Christmas time came, dainty little Cherry Blossom was all aglow over the thought of spending the holidays with Ethel in her beautiful American home. She had been inside the great schools and colleges in America. She had seen the art galleries and the public buildings. She had been in many churches, but the thing she longed most of all to see, on the inside, was a Christian home.

That first Christmas time in America was a wonderful holiday season to the little Cherry Blossom from Japan, but soon the last of those vacation days came. Mrs. Clarkson stood in her library with her hands on the shoulders of the little Japanese girl she had learned to love as a daughter.

"Now tell me before you go, you dear little Cherry Blossom," she asked play-

fully, "how you like the way we American folks live. Are you homesick for a real, genuine bow? Are you weary of sitting on chairs, and sleeping in beds, and wearing shoes all day long and being bothered with knives, forks and spoons?"

The girl laughed merrily.

"Oh, I love it," she said, clapping her hands. "It is such fun trying to decide which spoon to take up the next one. Your home is wonderful."

Then her eyes grew suddenly wistful.

"But —," she said, and hesitated.

"But what?" said Mrs. Clarkson encouragingly.

"There's one thing I miss," said the girl, with a far away look in her eyes, "that makes your home seem queer to me. You know I have been with you to your Church and I have seen you worship your God there. But I have missed the God in your home. You know, in Japan we have a god-shelf in every house with the gods right there in our homes. Do not any Americans worship their God in their homes?"

All during the afternoon Mrs. Clarkson was strangely silent. The innocent question of her departing Japanese guest had gone straight to her heart with an overwhelming accusation. Back over the busy years her thoughts flew to those days when she first had a home of her own, and a time and a place for the worship of God in her home. Then the thousand distractions of a large household and a busy life had crowded in, and the God in her home had been crowded out. She had not meant that it should be so. As she thought of it all a great longing filled her heart and the light of a firm conviction filled her eyes. That day she talked with each member of her family alone, and that night the altar of her God was set up again in her home.

There it was that the little Cherry Blossom from Japan, on her next vacation visit, found the God in that home and gave her heart to Him.

(This true story may be obtained from Literature Department, 450 E. 30th Street, Chicago, Ill., or any of the District Bureaus for 15 cents a dozen copies.)

Reading Contests

As the autumn weather comes on are you starting Reading Contests in your churches? The following Foreign Mission books are suggested for such use:

China Inside Out. G. A. Miller	\$1.00
The Gateway to China. Jane Wells	1.50
The White Queen of Okoyung. Livingstone	.60
Women Workers of Japan. Gulick	.50

Ancient Peoples at New Tasks

M. E. M. Text Book (Paper 40 cents)	.60
Women Workers of the Orient (Paper 30 cts.)	.50
Postage Additional in each case.	

Don't confine this to the women. Plan a contest that includes the men. They will be greatly interested. They may even outread the women and win all the prizes. Try it and see!

SUGGESTIVE WAYS OF WORKING

EDITED BY MARTHA H. MACLEISH

Christian Enlistment Week

- WHEN? Nov. 17-24.
 WHERE? Throughout the territory of the Northern Baptist Convention.
 FOR WHAT? To recruit unmobilized forces of the King.
 How? As a part of the great Layman's campaign of that week, known as *Christian Enlistment Week*.

Of course you who are readers know that this is no new movement. In the three years that are left before 1921, when our Jubilee occurs and the Five Year Program is consummated, we have certain definite aims to realize:

We must bring 110,000 more women into active participation in the great work which our society is conducting.

We must have 23,000 more young women in our training camps, getting ready for positions at the front, and 5,000 more children beginning to march as Heralds and Crusaders at their Leader's call.

To make all these forces intelligent we must have 57,000 more subscribers for MISSIONS.

That is quite a large aim, of course, but not at all impossible. It is just big enough to be stimulating, like some of the other big demands made upon us these days. This Week is the time when we will all concentrate our energies in one big, united effort, to realize the major part of this year's section of our advance drive.

The women of every community should prepare for the work, for, like every other worth while thing, it will not do itself. We are to have our part in the plans and activities which the National Laymen's Committee will place before our churches. Let us join in the prayer, faith and service which alone can make this great movement successful. It will mean so much for all our future if the Spirit of God comes in power upon our churches everywhere. We have a great and glorious objective to work for.

You will read this article early in October. It is time then to begin work. The operations which are carrying our Allies forward on the Western front were not hastily made or executed. The time needed to make them effective was given. Let us follow their method in our advance against the powers of darkness and evil. We are giving ourselves to the service of our country. Let us in the same way, give ourselves wholeheartedly to the service of our spiritual leader and King. For there has probably never been a time in the world's history when the importance of understanding spiritual truths, or of basing life upon them, was so great as today. Prayer is our strongest weapon.

One of the aims to be sought during Christian Enlistment Week is a deepening of the spiritual life of our whole denomination. One of the objects of our special woman's feature of that week is the pledging of a greatly increased number of women to pray regularly for world-wide missions.

Prepare now to make a worthy advance in your church, in your community, in your association, state and district, in:

1. New Members for the Local Missionary Circle.

2. New Intercessors in behalf of World-Wide Missions.

3. New Subscribers to our Magazine, MISSIONS.

4. New Members in the church.

In this year's Annual Report (pp. 77-81) will be found the various objectives and their distribution by states. Let us plan now to give our time and effort during Recruit Week primarily to achieving our objectives, and in order to make the week effective, let us begin now to organize and set in operation the machinery necessary to success.

A Jubilee Program for Your October Meeting

The program suggested for the October meeting of our circles is ready, and may be had upon application to either District or National headquarters. A sample has been sent to each local circle through its president, and we hope very much that each circle will use it, either for the Octo-

ber meeting or for some other. It is divided into four sections, showing: how our two original Women's Foreign Mission Societies came into being; how the present united society was formed and is organized; the extensive work we are doing in the Orient; and the plans for the celebration of our Golden Jubilee. The available literature for carrying out the program is carefully listed. If as much care is given to its preparation as would be given for the preparation of a Woman's Club program, it cannot fail to be intensely interesting. A word to the wise is sufficient.

* * *

The WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY needs this next year *twenty-five* young women to fill the gaps in the line and carry on its advance movements. Teachers, nurses, doctors, and Christian Social Service workers must be sent to India, China, Japan Africa, and the Philippines. Who will help us find young women qualified for these difficult and responsible posts? *Has your church one of its own members on the field? If not, why not?* What young woman in your church could do this work? Have you talked with her about it?

Write to Helen K. Hunt, 711 Ford Bldg., Boston, Mass.



WOMAN'S BAPTIST MISSION CIRCLE, GLENDALE, ARIZONA — A CIRCLE BELONGING IN THE 50 PER CENT CLASS

READINGS FOR THE MISSIONARY MEETING

FROM VANGA, CONGO BELGE

Mrs. W. H. Leslie tells of a case that shows how rapidly changes are affected by surroundings and example. A widow was persuaded to come and be house-mother to the little girls in the school, and she did very well, looking after the children's health and work in the garden. But at first she made one condition—she would come if they did not make her wear a dress. This was agreed to; and after some weeks she came and begged for a dress to wear.

One of the interesting hospital cases was a man bitten by a very poisonous snake. When they brought him to the station Dr. Leslie was itinerating. Mrs. Leslie says: "I was not very sure of the treatment, never having had occasion to use it, but I did the best I knew and the man lived." Another case was that of a little girl of eight who was caught by a leopard while she and an older brother were in the gardens. The brother tried to scare off the leopard by running after it and yelling. He was torn to pieces, giving his life for his sister, who was able to get to the town. The parents would not bring the little girl to the hospital, but Dr. Leslie went after her in a canoe with some of the schoolboys and got her.

CASTING OUT THE SERPENT

Looking back upon their experiences Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb of Cumbum, India, can recall one exciting occasion, when as they approached a village they were met with drums and torches and escorted to the church in procession. Just as they were entering the building there was a cry of fire, as a result of the torches. Next some one called out "Snake, snake!" and they saw a cobra above their heads—a deadly reptile; but scarcely saw it before a man had caught it by the tail and dashed it to the ground, killing it. It turned out that the brave man had been disciplined by the church a little while before, but he was so encouraged by killing the snake that he knew now the devil had been cast out of him and became a thoroughly changed man from that hour.

HE CAME AS HE WAS

Miss Mary D. Jesse of Sendai, Japan, says she was specially interested in a man who came to a meeting in his work clothes. He begged her many times to forgive him for his appearance. Said he, "I was just passing and heard the wonderful teaching, so I came in to learn more. It is the first time I have heard of the true God. When I come again I will wear my clean clothes."

"Clothed and in his right mind"—that is what the gospel does for a man.

SOME GIRLS IN MAYMYO, BURMA

Miss Sarah R. Slater says that one Sunday evening, as she entered the large dormitory of the Girls' School she saw seven or eight girls sitting in a circle. They were all leaning forward putting something from their hands. Her heart went down. "After the talk I had given them, to play on Sabbath evening, was my thought. But I said cheerily, 'What are you doing?' 'Giving our pice.' 'What for?' 'We have a society and our members are not to use bad words, nor revile any one, nor steal, and our pice is for Christmas.' My heart went up to the burning heat of thankful joy. It is all their own thought, organization, effort."

That is putting Christianity's principles into instant practice.

THE PLACE FOR A FLIVVER

Mrs. John Dussman of Vinukonda, South India, has had much of the responsibility of the boarding-school the past year, with thirty boarders and several day pupils. "Many of these children are as dear as they can be, and are trying to do their best work." She has spent much time touring with her husband. Imagine them on rickshaw and bicycle, where a motor car would have saved time and weariness, since the roads were fine for sixty miles at a stretch, with any number of villages all along. Converts were found here and there, mostly young people. There were over 125 baptisms during the year. "Pray that they may remain true."

✦ THE WORLD WIDE GUILD ✦

Conducted by Alma J. Noble, 200 Bryant St., Buffalo, N. Y.

As to Programs!

HERE we have five perfectly good answers to the ever recurring question of Programs for the W. W. G. You will remember that I announced in September *Missions* that this year, since our study books are so vital as to subject and so fascinating as to material, we shall not have a special W. W. G. Program, but use the helps prepared by our societies. First, we have Mrs. Montgomery's six Programs on "Women Workers of the Orient," which are worked out in detail and perfectly fine for older chapters. She also has a Reading List printed separately, and a leaflet "Suggestions for Using the Program." The latter is 10 cents, the other two are free.

Second, we are printing in this issue Miss Applegarth's Program on the same book for younger chapters. She calls her's "Maid-of-all-Work," and it is perfectly fascinating! It will not be printed separately, so preserve this copy of *Missions*, which has it in full. The little verses at the head of each Program are intended to be used on an invitation card. We are sure this will appeal to a very large number of Guilds. I shall be glad to furnish a little more detailed information if you wish it.

Third, Mrs. Frederick S. Osgood has prepared six Programs on the "Path of Labor" which are really marvelous. They are attractively printed in booklet form and are published by the Woman's Home Mission Society. They too are free and I hope you will send for a copy at once.

Fourth, for Junior Societies nothing could be better for the Foreign Program than "Jack and Janet in the Philippines," by Norma Waterbury Thomas. See article following on Children's World Crusade. The Junior books are both just right for our Junior Chapters. The helps for

"Jack and Janet" are printed in the book.

Fifth, Miss Applegarth has written the Junior Home Mission book for the year, "Jack of All Trades." Nothing more need be said. I have heard of more than one "grown-up" who became so absorbed in both of these Junior books that they were read at a sitting. Now, haven't you a wealth of material for your programs this year?

There is no reason why we should not have some splendid essays for that Essay Contest. If you haven't the flyers giving list of books in Reading Contest with conditions regarding it, and full explanation of the Essay Contest, send at once to me or to the Literature Departments of either the Home or Foreign Society.

Plan now for a Thank Offering for Home Missions in November! Pray as never before for the whole world in its present struggle for righteousness, and for every young woman and girl who is a member of the World Wide Guild, that we may be worthy to live, and to live for our Christ, in such a time as this.

*Faithfully Yours,
Alma J. Noble.*

What's in a Name?

There happens to be a good deal of meaning in the name I am going to tell you about. It is the "Lumanoca" Chapter at Momence, Illinois, and this is what that odd name signifies. It is a combination of the first two letters of the names of the four missions supported by the W. W. G. Chapters of Illinois; "Lu" from Luella Adams, "Ma" from Marian Paden, "No" from Nona Finney, "Ca" from Caroline Bissinger. Each letter represents a word in their chapter motto which is, "Let us make all nations our consideration always."



MAID--OF--ALL--WORK

Six Programs for Girls, based on *Women Workers of the Orient*.

By MARGARET I. APPLGARTH
OPENING BANQUET

- W — Work Without Worry.
O — "Ours not to Reason Why." "Go Ye, and Teach All Nations."
R — Rest from Our Labors? No place for Miss Ima Quitter. "Be not Weary in Well-doing."
K — "Keep the Home Fires Burning." A practical talk on what girls can do to help the Society.

1. *Keep the Home Criers Learning.* Special task to interest children in Missions.
 2. *Keep the Home Buyers Earning.* Special task to keep young housewives saving, thus earning money for missions.
 3. *Keep the Home Desires Yearning.* Special task to make Missions appealing and winsome.
 4. *Keep the Home Wires Turning.* Special task to phone absentee members.
 5. *Keep the Home Quires Traveling.* Special task to write letters to shut-in or sick members, enclosing a few leaflets.
- Song — "My Task," by Ashley. Sung as solo, or by whole chapter.

PROGRAM I

"Home-Maid." Based on Chapter I
Work Within the Home

Maid-of-all-Work is a little Home Maid,
(Although she would faint if her wages were paid);
You'll find her quite quaint and exceedingly dear,
If you'll come out next Friday to Welcome her here.

Date..... Place.....

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

- Topic 1. "Through the Eye of a Needle."
Moslem Girl, pp. 12-16.
Topic 2. "A New Broom Sweeps Clean."
Hindu Girl, pp. 16-19.
Leaflet, "Bridal Pictures." 3 cents.
Topic 3. "Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth."
Chinese Girl, pp. 19-28.
Topic 4. "They that Sow Must also Reap."
Japanese Girl, pp. 28-30.
Topic 5. "Many Hands Make Light Work."
Ladies of Leisure, pp. 31-34.
Topic 6. "Won't You Come into My Parlor?"
Pp. 35-37.

Note. — At each lore some girls dressed in Oriental costume. Send to Lit. Dept., 450 E. 30th St., Chicago, and Ford Building, Boston, for free leaflet entitled "Oriental Costumes and How to Make Them." Enclose 1 cent for postage.

PROGRAM II

"Ready-Maid." Based on Chapter II
The Wage Earners

Ready-Maid works in factories, in fields, and in mills —

She weaves, she hammers, she sews, she tills —
She gets very tired, and you'd sigh to know
Where, after working, she has to go.

Date..... Place.....

PROGRAM HINTS

- Topic 1. "See that Hump?"
Coolie Woman, pp. 41-44.
Topic 2. Made in Turkey.
Rugs, etc., pp. 45-46.
Topic 3. Made in India.
Cotton, etc., pp. 46-48.
Topic 4. Made in China.
Cotton, Silk, Paper, pp. 48-54.
Topic 5. Made in Japan.
Cotton and Silk, pp. 54-67.
Topic 6. "There's a Reason."
Ethical Treatment of Workers, pp. 67-73.
Topic 7. "Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"
Geisha Girls, pp. 74-75.
Topic 8. "Eventually — Why Not Now?"
What Christianity Can do, pp. 75-77.
Topic 9. "His Master's Voice." Matt. 11 : 28.

PROGRAM III

"Custom-Maid." Based on Chapter III
Broadening Horizons

For years Custom-Maid lived cooped up indoors,
But now she often gets out and explores
Both nature and neighbors, and novels and news,
Four things that are very sure to amuse.

Date..... Place.....

PROGRAM HINTS

- Topic 1. The Never-have-changed Family, pp. 81-92.
Topic 2. The Always-has-been-this-way Family, pp. 92-110.
Topic 3. The Old-way-is-the-best-way Family, pp. 110-114.
Topic 4. The Let's-try-it-once-any-way Family, pp. 115-117.

PROGRAM IV

"Hand-Maid." Based on Chapter IV
The Trail Makers

Ten small fingers has each Hand-Maid
To carve her future unafraid!
Although her job is still so new,
She's doing quite as well as you.

Date..... Place.....

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

- Topic 1. "Making Money Hand over Fist."
Women in Business, pp. 125-130.
- Topic 2. "Fore-handed."
Education, pp. 131-141.
- Topic 3. "Four-in-Hand."
Writers, pp. 141-150.
- Topic 4. "Helping Hand."
Social Workers, pp. 161-163.
- Topic 5. "Hand in Glove."
Doctors, pp. 150-160.
- Topic 6. Caught Red-Handed.
Red Thieves, pp. 164-165.
- Topic 7. Handicapped.
Cornelia Bonnell, pp. 165-167.
- Topic 8. Behindhand. The Unhelped Woman.
Sentence Prayers for women in
the Orient who have not yet seen
the light.
- Topic 9. "The Hand that Rocks the Cradle."
Heathen Mothers.
Earnest prayers for ignorant, weary, little
mothers who have it in their power to shape the
destiny of babies in the cradles.

PROGRAM V

"Maid-of-Honor." Based on Chapter V
Women Working Together

Here's the Maid-of-Honor
Let's shower praise upon her!
For she always leads the way
For those who want to stray
From beaten paths of the past —
All hail! Enthusiast!

Date..... Place.....

IDEA FOR PROGRAM

Follow the Leader.

- Topic 1. How they do it in Persia, 170-172.
- Topic 2. How they do it in Turkey, 172-174.
- Topic 3. How they do it in India, 176-185.
- Topic 4. How they do it in China, 185-199.
- Topic 5. How they do it in Japan, 199-202.

Girls in costume of these countries tell of ad-
vance of the native women.

PROGRAM VI

"School-Maid." Based on Chapter VI
The Call for Leaders

School-Maid is our brightest maid,
To whom great compliments are paid.
She knows Geography, Arithmetic, Books;
She even knows queer curves and hooks,
Greek to us, but clear to her,
This clever little Foreigner.

Date..... Place.....

OUTLINE FOR PROGRAM

The Three R's

Reading:

The Oriental reads a need for Leaders, pp.
207-209.

Also a need for Bible women to read to those
who cannot read for themselves, pp. 223-
224.

2. "Ritin' —"

"We are writing the gospels,
A chapter a day,
In the deeds that we do,
And the words that we say."

Woman's Christian College, Madras, pp. 211-
215.

Ginling College, China, pp. 216-220.

Woman's Christian College, Tokyo, pp. 221-
222.

3. "Rithmetic," pp. 224-228.

Try This!

Four Worth While Grounds upon which
we girls of the Guild in Ridgewood, N. J.,
have staked our claims as missionary
girls are: Study Together, Work Together,
Pray Together, Give Together. To prove
that we actually do study together, and
not merely sit and listen to programs, a
review quiz has been instituted as a regular
feature of the meetings.

The first number on each program
usually consists of three to five minutes
rapid-fire questions, prepared and con-
ducted by the program leader of the pre-
ceding meeting on the subject of the
program which she had given the month
before. The quiz sets every one alert
and thinking. It is pretty sure to produce
a "show-down," if we dare use that popu-
lar expression, of a girl's memory, or per-
haps of her "forgettery." Ten such
questions, carefully made to cover the
salient points of a program, can serve to
recall and drive home facts and impres-
sions that might otherwise have drifted
off forever into forgotten corners of one's
mind. Once we held the review quiz at
the close of a lesson on the subject just
presented, two members choosing sides
like the old-fashioned spelling bee, and
that is the lesson which every girl knows
best of all.

The review quiz is good fun, it is good
pedagogy, it is Biblical — "line upon
line, line upon line," as Isaiah the pro-
phet reminded his people. Try it. —
Edith P. Thomson.

A Wonderful Motto

The Why of Christian Enlistment
Week lies in the motto, "The love of
Christ constraineth us."

CHILDREN'S WORLD CRUSADE

A day of "intensive training" for the Captains of Crusade Companies and Herald Bands would be eminently appropriate in this day of camps and drill.

This is the way to do it. Appoint a day early in October, on which you (because you are willing to take the initiative) will invite all C. W. C. Leaders to meet for an informal but invaluable discussion of methods for the winter's work. In churches where there are no C. W. C. organizations, make a special effort to invite some one who might be glad to form an organization with the help that she will get on this day.

In the morning have a discussion of methods, a display of posters, note-books, shields, etc. Assign such questions as these to different Leaders for discussion:

1. Which feature of the C. W. C. makes the strongest appeal to the children; which the weakest?
2. How have the Crusaders won most of their Honor Points?
3. Was there any in the list which nobody won?
4. How did you stimulate interest in the Honor Points?
5. What kind of Hand-work was done, and where was it sent?
6. Do your Crusaders own and read the Junior text-books?
7. Do you ask them to give impromptu illustrations from the book?
8. Who makes your posters?
9. How do you use them?
10. How much do the children know about the specifics to which their money is sent?
11. How can we teach the children to pray?
12. What in your opinion is the best method of presenting a text-book: (a) Reading it aloud? (b) Having the Leader tell it as a story? (c) Having the children help tell it? (d) Using objects?
13. Have you ever outlined the plans of the

C. W. C. in the Women's Society, and asked the members each to adopt *Crusader* for the year at fifty cents each, thus supplying them with one text-book and helps?

14. How do you secure money for the expenses of the C. W. C. without using any of the gift money?
15. How do the Crusaders help the Heralds.

In the afternoon, give an hour and a half for sample lessons on "Jack of All Trades," showing all the Helps and how to use them; and an hour and a half for "Jack and Janet in the Philippines." Have on sale the text-books, all the helps and the Missionary Hymnal. For free distribution, have all the C. W. C. material. This will prove one of the most satisfactory day's work of the season.

Herald Programs

The new Herald Programs are ready, and are just as attractive as we anticipated. They include two programs on Home Missions by Mrs. F. S. Osgood, "A Flower Party," and "A Rainbow Party"; and two on Foreign Missions by Mrs. Edward S. Osgood, "What the Christian Doctor Can do in Oriental Lands," and "A Visit to a Kindergarten in China." The outlines are complete with blackboard exercises, demonstrations and game suggestions. Send to the Rooms immediately for Programs and Leaflets on which they are based; to the Home Society for "A Flower Story," 1 cent, and "A Rainbow Packet," 10 cents; to the Foreign Society for "Around the World Picture Stories," 25 cents, "The Nellore Hospital," 2 cents, "Home Life in India," 3 cents, "The Kindergarten the Hope of China," 2 cents.



MISS SKIFF AND THE SEATTLE CHINESE W. W. G. GIRLS

TIDINGS

EDITED BY ALICE T. ANDERSON

CARRY ON

The years to come may show that the trenchant phrase "Carry On" has become an imperishable part of our daily speech. We can hardly fathom how much they have meant to our boys over there when the struggle has seemed too long and the battle too fierce for human endurance. Fresh courage, renewed determination, an undying resolve, all these have been born of those simple words.

What do they mean for the women of our Baptist churches when translated into the terms of our home mission work?

No retrenchment—in gifts, in prayer, in service.

Larger gifts, more prayer, more service,

Renewed dedication of ourselves to our Lord.

God first, our country next, ourselves last.

Have you realized, too, how fully the New Testament backs up this phrase? "Therefore, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." "I press toward the mark—" "I have fought a good fight—I have kept the faith." Many others will come to mind as we carry the thought in our minds.

Shall we make this our watchword for the months that are now just before us and, trusting not in might, nor in power, but in the spirit of the Lord,

CARRY ON

—ALICE B. COLEMAN.

THE TREASURY

Sitting over against the treasury one gains a new conception of cause and effect.

For this particular treasury the *cause* is obtained by thousands of women throughout the territory of the Northern Baptist Convention reading, studying, thinking, loving missions and giving—many times at much self-sacrifice—in obedience to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

The *effect* is produced through the work of our missionaries made possible by the *cause* of the women who have given of their money into this treasury.

A mechanical thing to sign hundreds of checks? No indeed, not when each check signed means a month's salary for one of our noble army of missionaries who is interpreting the Spirit of the Christ to many who are sad of heart and of small courage and for whom the path of life seems beset by dangers and divers temptations.

What a high privilege to keep a treasury filled, the contents of which may be translated through the blessing of our God and the labors of our ambassadors into lives saved and glorified, made meet for the Kingdom.

Oh, it is not a matter of dollars and cents! It is something more, much more; something vital. It is not only a question of our duty to others, but of the effect upon the growth and development of our own spiritual lives. If we live on a high spiritual level there will be a full treasury; if we do not there will be a depleted treasury.

The plea is for a *full* treasury.

—DORA GLOBE LAYCOCK.

*Is "Christian Americanization" the slogan of your Sunday school?
Are you acquainting the voters of tomorrow with the meaning
of this slogan through the use of the "Home Mission Studies"?*

CHRISTIAN AMERICANIZATION



MEANING OF THE SLOGAN

WHEN we have adopted a slogan so far-reaching and timely as "Christian Americanization" its scope interests us. Of primary consideration is the Americanization program which the Government is pushing as a war and reconstruction measure.

We realize as never before that in our land are millions of people who do not know our language and our American life even though they have lived here many years. In the great cities large groups of these Italians, Russians, Poles, Hungarians and many other nationalities have lived in districts by themselves, forming separate colonies, where they have kept their own customs and language and hence do not know American. In other words they do not have the benefits of our Democracy.

AN INVENTORY

The war has revealed these conditions. Since our doors are closed to immigration we can take an inventory to find how our accounts as a nation stand. The men in camp have brought to light conditions that we never thought could exist in this beautiful land of ours.

For example, who would have believed that Negroes would be living in our land now who cannot distinguish between right and left? Such is the case in one of our camps where the officer has had to place pieces of wood in the left hands of large groups of Negroes to get them to distinguish between right and left and obey orders correctly.

Our problem includes more than the foreigner; it is not only the foreigner who does not know English nor understand our American life. In one of our southern camps an officer saw a young man off duty who looked lonely and dejected, and, opening a conversation with him, suggested that the soldier write home.

"I cannot write," was the reply.

"Let me write for you," said the kindly officer.

"But what good would that do? There is not a person in our whole village who can read." He had come from the mountains of the South, where no schools exist.

NO REMEDY BEFORE

Our country has been interested in progress in such varied lines that we have not realized our responsibility in giving every member of our Democracy a fair chance; and the people who should have sought assistance did not realize their need. The same thing is true in the problem of labor, although the labor unions have accomplished much. But even in the churches we could not be sufficiently roused to the injustice of the situation. The labor unions could justly complain of the indifference of the church to their legislation. Now we are beginning to see the need of a complete federal system of employment,* and added to that we must also gain the real sympathy of the church. The laborer should be recognized as an important factor in our national life; we must give him social justice or we may well fear a social revolution after the war. That is, our principles of Democracy must include the industrial world as well as the political and religious.

NEED OF ACTION

The public is at last roused to the needs of the laborer in the land. One of the leading ways to meet this need is to teach him to be not only an intelligent American but a Christian American who can play an important part in our Democracy.

What can we do about it? Just notice what is taking place in the camps here and

* The Atlantic Monthly, June, 1918, pp. 773-783.

over there; the situation explains itself. The boys are learning the meaning of sacrifice; they are learning what true brotherhood is, and to have a genuine respect for their comrades of all ranks and stations in life. A desire for study is created and classes are being held to give opportunity for advancement. In the whole process the vital Christian principles are being tested. We must therefore give the boys when they return what they have found worth while over there as well as make provision for a corresponding opportunity for those left at home.

ORGANIZED EFFORT

What is being done? Classes are being conducted in the mountain home, in the city home, in the factory, in the school, in the church and in the center; the missionary continues her work of uplift and encouragement; the child labor committee and the consumer's league have done important work; the adjustment of other labor problems are under way. Important as all organized work is, the real solution does not come through organized effort alone.

A GREAT FACTOR

Did you know that there are thousands upon thousands of our foreigners as well as our native laborers who have never been in a Christian home or who have never been shown the love of Christ? How can these people, with no one to take a personal interest in them, love America when all it has meant to them is grinding poverty and labor? We even heard of a minister in a foreign-speaking church who had been in this country for more than twenty years yet had never been in an American home. Needless to say that he was invited as soon as this breach of our vaunted hospitality was found out.

THE SOLUTION

We need to understand and to sympathize with the labor movement; we need to study conditions and promote organized effort to bring about social justice. Besides our cooperation in these movements the only way to bring about genuine Christian Americanization is for each one of us to be a real friend and neighbor to some one who does not understand the principles of Christ as lived in a Democracy.

A TYPICAL DAY IN SANTA ANA

BY LOUISE B. CARTER

A SKETCH OF UNUSUAL CHARM FOR PUBLIC READING

"Buenos dias, Señorita Luisita," comes a voice at my "balcon" early in the morning as I sit at my desk making the most of the early morning hours in preparation for the work of the day.

"Boenos dias, Santos que tal esta mañana?"

"Muy bien, tambien, mi niña."

Then through the iron bars which protect the windows of every Central American home except the very poorest, making one feel like a prisoner in his own home, comes a magnificent blossom known as "rosa corona." The children are on their way to school, but have time for just a little chat through the bars and, after exclamations of pure delight on the part of the missionary over the beautiful flower, they pass on their way.

A LITTLE WOMAN OF THE MOUNTAINS APPEARS

The missionaries have arisen early this morning, as is their custom, and breakfast and morning devotions were over an hour ago. There are many precious hours ahead of them for study, but scarcely have the books been opened when there comes a knock at the silver knocker of the "zaguán." Must we be interrupted before the study is even begun? The big iron bar squeaks as it is turned on its hinges, the great key, eight inches long, is turned in its lock and the heavy doors are thrown open. Before us stands a little woman of the mountains, barefooted, ragged and dirty. They are always dirty, these poor creatures in their half-civilized state. They need to learn the gospel of cleanliness. What a task!

What a reproach their condition is on the church which has held them in bondage so long! The brown face before us is almost scorched black and the straight, coarse, black hair speaks plainly of her Indian blood. Her face is wrinkled and drawn,



LOUISE B. CARTER

and no wonder, for on her head, is a great round, flat grass basket containing a miniature garden.

"I have many things you wish," she says, and with our help her great burden is lifted to the ground. Such a load! She begins first to unwind a long piece of "woody" smelling old moss, stripped from the bark of some old mountain tree and growing full of ferns. This is just what we have been looking for with which to line our hanging baskets for the corridor which surrounds our "patio." We begin to bargain with our vender for the moss.

"Will you give me this for one *real*?"

"No, *niña*, for a *real y medio*" (real and a half).

"But I can give you only one *real*."

"But it is hard work to get the moss, *niña*."

"I can give only the *real*. Will you sell it for that?"

"Very well."

Now the moss is all unwound and delivered to us, disclosing a miniature grove

of cypress trees in the center of the basket. The roots are well protected by large pieces of banana leaves, which keep them cool and moist. Perhaps some day we shall desire a Christmas tree for our mission school. They are tiny now, but with a long look ahead we begin our bargaining. We decide on our price and stick to it and finally get the little trees. Now what else is in the basket? Here are some little palms, but they are of a coarse variety and we shall not want them. With a helping lift, the basket is placed in position and nicely balanced on the head of the little, old, wizened burden-bearer and off she goes.

MARKETING

Well, now back to study, but first Isidora is awaiting instruction for the



JUST IN FROM MARKET

marketing. A glance in the provision rooms to make sure that there is a supply of rice and corn and frijoles assures us that these may be omitted from the list this morning. The list is arranged and given to Isidora who takes her basket under her arm, puts her *chalina* about her shoulders, and starts out for the market.



A NATIVE HUT THATCHED WITH BANANA LEAVES

NEIGHBORS

As the door closes behind Isidora it is immediately opened and here are two men to mend the broken tiles in the roof, for yesterday during the terrific downpour of rain the water streamed into the kitchen. Why! the man is our neighbor. He lives on the street to the chapel, and many times as we passed his house we have heard him singing hymns and have wondered who he is and where he learned the songs. Now is an opportunity to speak with him. He has never been in the chapel, so we know he is not a Baptist, but perhaps he is an Adventist or of the Central American Mission, or even of the Pentecostal people. Here he comes for a drink at the "pila." Now is our opportunity.

"Buenos dias, señor. You are living near us, are you not?"

"Si, señorita, a few houses from here."

"We have heard you singing hymns as we passed your house, so we are sure you are a *creyente* (believer). You are not a Baptist, are you?"

"No, niña, I am of the Pentecostal people."

"O yes, but there is not a Pentecostal chapel in Santa Ana."

"No, niña. There is a congregation some distance from here in the mountains."

"Then you do not attend the meetings often?"

"No, I often stand in the door in your chapel and listen, but never go in."

"Come in. We need you and perhaps we can do you good, too."

"I will come Friday night, thank you."

"And the woman whom we see at your house is your wife?"

"No, niña, not my legitimate wife," comes the answer, half reluctantly.

"What! you are a believer, and yet are living with a woman who is not your wife! This is surely evil in the sight of the Lord. Is this woman a believer?"

"*Algo* (a little). She likes the gospel but is not converted yet. I am going to marry her, but there are many things to be regulated first."

Oh, when will these poor people learn that their lives must correspond with their teachings. They love the Lord, and go about distributing tracts and spreading the gospel by word. They do not realize that it is the life that counts, and many have not yet learned this essential thing.

"We would like to call at your house and perhaps we shall be able to help this woman."

"Thank you, niña. Do come."

In a few moments he is on the roof whistling some splendid song, but the missionary sits in her room with a sense of utter loss as to how she is to do her part of the gigantic task. Then, there comes the old voice at her heart, old yet ever new: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." There arises a little prayer of forgiveness at momentary lack of faith and

once more the books are opened and all thought is turned toward the preparation of the Sunday-school lesson.

FIGURING

But, there is a knock again and now Isidora is admitted as she returns from the market, the fresh green tops of vegetables hanging over the top of her basket, telling us that her trip has been successful. We must take a few moments to go over the contents of the basket with her and count up the *reales*, *medios* and *cuartillas*. No easy task for a new manager to do this. Let me see, a *real* is twelve *centavos*, a *medio* six *centavos* and a *cuartilla* three. There are four *reales* in fifty cents, but two *reales* make a quarter. After a good deal of figuring by *reales*, *medios* and *cuartillas* all is straightened and the correct change received.

VERSA AND GUILLERMO

But, oh dear, alas for study this morning; it is now half-past ten. A few hurried directions are given for the dinner and now—but the knocker is busy again and two visitors are ushered into the parlor. It is Versa and her husband, Guillermo. Guillermo is a black man, black as the land of Jamaica produces, and his wife is unusually fair for a Salvadorean. Guillermo is cook at the hotel, and although he is a member of the church, very seldom has the time to attend the services. He speaks English and is delighted at the opportunity of holding a conversation with us. We must forget study and converse with him for a little while, but the little while grows into most an hour. As they are leaving, the dinner call comes and the morning is gone.

REST AS A TONIC

With dinner over and the heat of the day upon us we snatch a little time for a noonday rest. This is our tonic. Health is the important thing, for without it our work cannot be done. The netting is drawn tightly about the bed and no mosquitoes bearing malaria germs are invited to enter.

How refreshing this little rest of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes is! And we shall need our strength for what is before

us this afternoon and evening. Word was brought to the meeting last night of the death of a little child, the father of whom was baptized just last month.

PATHOS

The room in which the family lives has been divested of its meagre furnishings. There, as we enter, is the little wooden box covered with plain white wrapping paper upon which have been placed a few wilted roses and leaves. There are three chairs which are promptly put at the disposal of the missionaries, and a few crude stools. The mother has made some attempt to clean up, poor soul, and stands forlornly in the doorway, her only sign of mourning the black *chalina*. The doorway is crowded with children, naked and dirty, and with women and boys. Out in the *patio* the women go ahead with their washing and grinding and the tragedy of it all breaks the heart. A few songs are sung, a passage of scripture read and a prayer offered. Then the father himself with a crude hammer nails the lid down, four little boys shoulder the little wooden box, and the procession mounts toward the cemetery. Oh, the pathos of it!

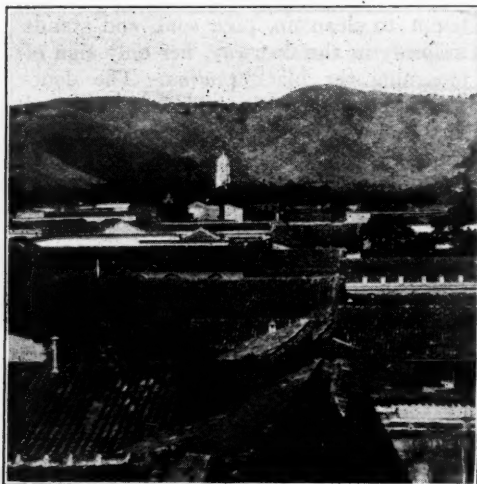
W. W. G. SHARE

There is still a little time to spare before we hurry home to meet our afternoon class, so we shall make a few calls. Two little newcomers must be visited and admired, and then we turn homeward, arriving there near three o'clock. The room and blackboard must be arranged and put in readiness for the coming of the pupils. But before this is started one little "early comer" arrives. What shall I do with her while I finish my work? Oh, yes, those dear girls of my W. W. G. at home sent me those scrapbooks which we made together last winter. Just the thing! Down into the trunk we plunge and after rummaging a bit, the attractive books are brought forth. How the little girl's eyes shine as she spies the bright pink cambric on which the gay pictures are arranged. Now I shall slip quietly away. The W. W. G. girls are now doing their share of the work, although their hands are stretched many thousands of miles. Bless those girls!

THE AFTERNOON CLASS

A few moments more, and the children begin to come in in happy little groups. When all are assembled the class is begun. Arturo has brought a "mango," big and yellow, to give to the "señorita." Santos has a lovely bouquet of pink roses, and Guillermo has brought a plantain, long and yellow.

Now all the little heads are bowed as the señorita prays to the loving heavenly Father who has given her this incomparable privilege of leading little children



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SANTA ANA

to love and know Him. There are new faces today among the children. Chus has brought a little friend from school who is not a *creyente*. Here is a little, wondering-eyed, half-wild creature who has followed the others in from the street. A few other children from homes of "unbelievers" who came in last week are now feeling more at home. We greet the little newcomer, ask her name and make her feel as comfortable as possible. No wonder she is wondering and curious. Hasn't she heard the priest and bishop say that those American señoritas are "Luteranos" and do not believe in Mary and the church? She knows that all who are not Catholic are condemned to the "inferno," and she has heard the little boys on the streets jeer and even

throw stones at the hated "Luteranos." God help the missionary to do her part. She leads the children now in the memorizing of the hundredth Psalm, and then all are ready to sing. How they love it! and they are never ready to stop when at five o'clock the class is dismissed. Good-byes are spoken and the little girls give a parting embrace, while the boys give a manly handshake. They are gone at last, and as the missionary turns to put the room in order a crowd of feelings come rushing over her. O the joy and happiness in doing just what you had planned to do for the Master! Just what He has called you to do.

REVERENCE AND ACCEPTANCE

Supper at five-thirty prepared by the faithful Isidora; a little time afterward to write one of the long-thought-of letters back to the dear ones at home, and then off to church at seven.

How reverent each one is as he enters the chapel. Even though it be fifteen minutes early he goes straight to his bench, covers his face as he prays silently to the Father, and then opens his Bible or hymn book and sits wrapped in meditation until the opening of the service.

The pastor and the organist take their places and a hymn is announced. As the missionary begins the playing, she sees in imagination a little group of young people gathered together in her own home church and wishes that they might be transported and set down in the back of the dimly lighted little building, that they might the better understand how the little organ, their gift, is appreciated.

A straightforward, simple sermon is preached by the native assistant to our American pastor. The invitation is given for those who wish to accept the Saviour, and eagerly, so eagerly that the tears spring to our eyes, hard, knotty hands are raised, and earnest, eager men and women rise to say, "I accept the Lord."

After the close of the service, warm, friendly greetings are exchanged and words of encouragement spoken to the "new babes in Christ."

THE JOY OF OBEDIENCE

Now at last the day is over. A welcome

bed awaits the tired body of the missionary, but oh, how happy she is that when the vision came in her youth and the Lord said, "Whom shall we send and who will go for us?" she answered, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

Missionary Reading Contest

In many of the states reading contests have been arranged by the State Board or Officers, and adopted by the women of the state, which have been most helpful in stimulating the reading of the best books on missionary subjects and increasing missionary interest and effort. Recognition of the associations having the largest number of readers has been made at the annual meeting of the Woman's State Societies.

The suggestion has been made that a national reading contest be outlined by the national societies, Home and Foreign, but it was found to be unwise this year as it would interfere with plans already in

operation in many states. However, for those states desiring to inaugurate such a contest the following Home Mission books are suggested:

	Cloth	Paper
The Path of Labor — a symposium	\$0.50	\$0.40
The Gospel for a Working World— Ward		.60 .40
Men and Things — Atkinson		.60 .40
Neighbors — Riis		1.35
Mothering on Perilous — Furnam		1.50
The Challenge of the Present Crisis — Fosdick		.60

* * * *

Mrs. Nina Tuxbury, formerly field secretary of the Woman's American Baptist Missionary Society of the New York District, has accepted a position as a general secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and is located at Yonkers. She is a graduate of the New Hampshire State Normal School and the Chicago Training School, and has followed special studies at Chicago University and Columbia Teachers' Training School. She rendered admirable service as secretary in the New York District.

THE OPEN FORUM OF METHODS

BY ESTELLA SUTTON AITCHISON

First Aid for Missionary Societies

At this time when the world is shaking off its custom-forged shackles and new lines of cleavage are appearing in every department of endeavor, shall we not search earnestly for the very best methods to swing the missionary societies into step in the march toward Better Things which our boys on the other side are leading? This is the month of New Beginnings in most local circles, as well as the special time for the consideration of home missions. Shall the time-honored and the arbitrary tryannize, or shall we look with open minds at the things which are making for efficiency in other Baptist churches and in sister denominations? Here are a few practical plans which have been contributed to *The Open Forum* lately; and are passed on to you.

I. Enlistment.

One church reports an Every-Woman-Enlistment campaign in the hands of a special up-and-doing committee. At the first autumn meeting, a large chart was placed back of a leader's desk containing as many squares as there were women in the resident church membership. Beginning at the outer edge, the squares were *reddened* to the extent that the women were already actively identified with missionary interest and giving. As fast as new recruits were won and benevolence pledges received the center field changed color (the interest becoming almost breathless) and what a red-letter day it was for that society when the last white square disappeared! Don't you see how irresistible the psychological pull becomes? Try it.

Next, every recruit ought to be given a

job. If outsiders are really to become insiders, we must search for a normal point of contact and then link them up with what they have a natural aptitude for. The Englewood (Chicago) church women plan to give out slips headed "Activity Card," these to be marked, signed and returned to the society president as a basis for assignment of work. The cards read:

Englewood Baptist Church. I, _____, will be willing to help in the following ways:

- Call on new members.
- Work with the Red Cross Unit.
- Entertain the Circle.
- Lead in prayer.
- Join the Prayer Circle.
- Make posters.
- Take part on programs.
- Serve on committee specified herewith.
- Do nothing.

[*Mark your choice with a cross.*]

How is that for a scientific job laboratory?

The Group Plan used in the World Wide Guild of the same church might be made effective in enlisting women for actual interest and work in the missionary society. The entire guild membership was divided into six groups, each group being headed by an energetic key girl and having charge of one meeting, the chairman presiding and the members of the group either taking part or securing outsiders to do so. The plan proved so successful that it is being enlarged this year, each group having an assistant to the treasurer to remind its own members of their pledges, a membership chairman to secure new recruits, and its special assignment of duty providing some definite work for every member composing it. This is the essential spirit of Democracy.

2. Meetings

Good missionary meetings don't happen. They are not governed by any occult laws. Like every other worth-while thing, they have to be worked for. In the first place, is there such inherent virtue in the time-honored hour of two o'clock that we can afford to disregard the awakening interest among the laymen and fail to provide them with at least one opportunity per month for missionary inspiration and

instruction in the evening? Don't make the mistake of serving up a *woman's* program.

Next learn the lesson of our merchants who are keeping their stock moving despite war prices by such an amount of advertising as was never seen by this generation before. To this end, the missionary bulletin board, prominently placed in vestibule or vestry, is coming into frequent use. On it may be displayed news items of special interest from week to week, rally calls, denominational or local objectives, slogans, inspirational quotations, curiosity-tickling program announcements and attractive posters visualizing the high lights of a forthcoming meeting.

The programs, too, should be planned more and more to appeal to the eye. "Eighty-five per cent of all we know we learn through the eye," we glibly quote from psychologists — and straightway plan our missionary work on the bare fifteen percent possibility." "An ounce of picture," says a wise missionary leader, "is worth a ton of talk." Pictorial charts as well as cut-out pictures mounted for easy use are invaluable. A number of these, all about one country or topic, may be used at each meeting, or one very effective chart, prominently placed, may be the keynote of the program. The missionary (picture) scrap-book is used in many circles with interest and profit. Mrs. Horace Hill of Minnesota uses shallow pasteboard boxes filled with pictorial charts and other illustrations to pass around in Sunday school classes among the people who would not read a missionary book.

The timely program links itself up with dominant interests. One of the best we have received is the "Patriotic Song Rally or Supper," contributed by Miss Alice Brimson of Englewood. She says: "Use as subjects some of the patriotic songs such as, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,' as a prelude for a home mission talk; 'There's a Long, Long Trail A-wind-ing,' for a foreign mission talk; 'Land o' Mine,' to precede an address by a real or impersonated home missionary; 'Over There,' for a foreign missionary; 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' serving as a keynote for the closing talk on our duty as Christians to spread the gospel of free-

dom. The songs preceding the talks or toasts may be sung as solos, quartettes or by the audience, as desired.

An Autumn Christmas Tree for some home mission field (definite assignments may be obtained from your district headquarters) would be excellent, the women marching past a little tree all ablaze with lights and depositing under it their packages neatly tied up and contents marked. The program might consist of Christmas music and Christmas stories from home mission fields.

A unique program was entitled "A Musical Medley," the pianist playing without announcement or intermission a blending of patriotic and missionary hymns, the audience, supplied with pencils and paper, guessing the names of the selections. Then the medley was played through again, this time the audience singing one verse of each selection, two-minute missionary or patriotic talks being interspersed as desired. This makes a fine climax for a Red-Cross-Missionary meeting.

3. Parenthood

Childless missionary societies are one of the tragedies in a country and a year whose greatest harvest crop is children. With the Jewels, the Heralds, the Crusaders and the World Wide Guild ready for adoption,

"What of these children, my sisters?

What of the coming band?

Who will take up the work of the Master

As it falls from your trembling hand?

Are they trained to the cause, O Mothers?

Are they strong and brave and true?

Are they ready to lift the burden

When the Master calls for you?"

Prayer Calendar for November

"Prayer is one form of cooperation with God." — Fosdick.

Nov. 1 — Miss Anna Gustafson, missionary among the Scandinavians, 3246 Penn Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri; Miss Augusta Jordan, city missionary, 469 Hanover Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Nov. 2 — Mrs. Edith Sturgill, city missionary among the Italians and Jews, 3633 South 23 Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

Nov. 6 — Miss Harriet P. Cooper, war work, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Nov. 7 — Miss Otillie Pechous, missionary among Serbians and Croatians, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nov. 10 — Miss Martha Knowles, missionary among Mexicans, 1061 East Street, Fresno, California.

Nov. 12 — Miss Minnie Schulman, missionary among the Italians and Jews, 5805 Whittier Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nov. 14 — Miss Clara S. Nielson, city missionary, 121 South Hancock Street, Los Angeles, California.

Nov. 15 — Mrs. Sadie Lewis Knuckles, teacher

among Negroes, Thompson Institute, Lumberton, North Carolina.

Nov. 16 — Mrs. Lillian A. Hope, teacher among Negroes, Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Virginia.

Nov. 19 — Miss Carolyn B. Rice, city missionary, 336 Loma Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Nov. 21 — Miss Berta Uriegas, missionary teacher among Mexicans, 6a de Humboldt, No. 8, Puebla, Mexico.

Nov. 22 — Miss Lillah L. Kirby, missionary teacher among the Mexicans, 6a de Humboldt, No. 8, Puebla, Mexico.

Nov. 27 — Miss Hattie Lewis, teacher among Negroes, Mather Industrial School, Beaufort, South Carolina.

Nov. 28 — Miss Hannah Seils, retired, North Freedom, Wisconsin.

For the Study of the Path of Labor

	GENERAL	
	Cloth	Paper
The Path of Labor (study book), a symposium. Price (prepaid).....	\$0.57	\$0.40
Jack-of-all-trades (Junior Study Book).....		.29
Text Book Supplement for the Path of Labor.....		.05
Home Missions and the Social Question.....		.18
The Gospel for a Working World, by Harry F. Ward (prepaid).....	.60	.40
Programs on The Path of Labor.....		Free
From Ocean to Ocean.....		.15
Home Missions at a Glance.....		Free

FOR CHAPTER II, PATH OF LABOR

Aiken Institute.....	\$0.02
Street Workers.....	.05
The Child in the Cotton Mill.....	.05
Child Work in the Home.....	.05
Children in Agriculture.....	.05
Children in Food Production.....	.05
Child Labor in your State.....	.05
High Cost of Child Labor.....	.05
What shall we do for the Children in Time of War.....	.03
The Antoinette Bed.....	.02
The Madonna of the Curb.....	.02
A Healing Force.....	.01

CHAPTER III

Cindy's Chance.....	\$0.02
First and Last.....	.01
Mothering on Perilous.....	1.50

CHAPTER IV

A Glimpse of the Work in Our Negro Schools.....	\$0.02
Spelman Seminary.....	.05
A Golden Jubilee (at Mather Industrial School).....	.03
Now and Then at Hartshorn.....	.02
Those Barrels.....	Free
Thanksgiving Ann (dramatized).....	.05
The Negroes in the North.....	.05

CHAPTER V

I Am the Immigrant.... Per doz. copies.....	\$0.05
The Carneyville Kindergarten.....	.02

CHAPTER VI

The Teaching of English as a Missionary Method.....	\$0.03
A Pageant of Darkness and Light.....	.02
Sisterhood and Mercy, a Pageant on the Path of Labor.....	.03
Send to Literature Department, Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, 2969 Vernon Avenue, Chicago.	

CAMPAIGN NOW ON

Draft your Sunday school if you have not already enlisted in the home mission campaign for October, November and December. See September MISSIONS for a list of material that will be sent free to Sunday schools upon application.

MISSIONARY PROGRAM TOPICS FOR 1918

NOVEMBER HOME MISSION PROGRAM: EFFICIENCY

SONG SERVICE:

"Just as I Am," "Wonderful Words of Life," "Blessed Assurance" (one stanza of each).

OPENING PRAYER

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION: A SERVICE OF EFFICIENCY

Five-minute talk by public school instructor.

NEGRO PUBLIC SCHOOL SITUATION IN THE SOUTH

Ten-minute talk based on *Path of Labor*, ch. IV, pp. 124-134. (Special emphasis on pp. 128-129.) By the brightest talker in the Young People's Society.

NORTHERN BAPTIST INSTITUTIONS IN THE SOUTH

One-minute reports about representative schools by members of the Young People's Society. (Send for literature of A. B. H. M. S. or W. A. B. H. M. S.)

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Text: We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not please ourselves. By Pastor.

CLOSING SONG: Blest be the Tie that Binds.

Because this program contains an educational problem it may well be under the auspices of the Young People's Society.

MISSIONS' QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND IN THIS ISSUE

1. How much did 1,200 Baptists give to foreign missions last year?
2. What is the English of the Spanish "algo"?
3. What is the date fixed for Enlistment Week?
4. Name the missionary attacked by a mob, and his station.
5. Where was Rev. A. B. DeRoos born?
6. "The prayer of the earnest Christian will—" Finish the sentence.
7. "Italy is _____ in spirit as _____." Fill the blanks.
8. Who is "The honored son of an honored sire"?
9. "Now is the time of times"—to do what?
10. How much have the Northern Presbyterians raised toward their ten million ministerial pension fund?
11. Where was the average attendance for the term 118?
12. "But I have missed—" What?
13. "Eager men and women rise to say—" What?
14. What is the title and who the author of the poem ending with the words, "In ministry divine"?
15. What is said to be the one police force that can secure food conservation?
16. What is the new Home Mission slogan?
17. What is the title of Miss Applegarth's Programs?
18. Who allowed Christian missionaries to hold a prayer meeting in their house?
19. "Good missionary meetings don't _____ they have to be _____" Fill in the missing words.
20. Where did Mr. Dai decide to be baptized?



Vinton Adams Dearing

The report of the death of Lieut. Vinton Dearing while fighting for his country in France has carried its message of grief from France to America, China, and Japan. Only a year and a half ago the whole mission world was sorrowing for the death of Dr. John Lincoln Dearing, who was for twenty-seven years a missionary in Japan, and pouring out sympathy to Mrs. Dearing and her two sons in their great loss. This second report finds the elder son, Henry Hinckley Dearing, in China, where he is engaged in business, far away from his mother, who lives at present in America. But the splendid and trustful courage with which Mrs. Dearing bore her first loss does not fail now.

The memory of Vinton Dearing is cherished by many close friends both in Japan and America, for all who knew him loved him. To his young friends in America it seems fitting that he, so young and so rich in honor, should have laid down his life for an ideal, for he has long been known among them as "Sir Galahad."

Vinton Dearing was born in Yokohama, Japan, in January, 1896, and was there educated until his sixteenth year. Returning to America, he attended high school and Colgate University, where he was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. At the time of America's entrance into the war, he was in his senior year at Colgate. Upon his early graduation in May he went into training at Fort Niagara, and at the end of the summer was selected as one of the six men in his company to be commissioned in the regular army, choosing a second lieutenancy on active service in preference to a first with the reserves.

Lieutenant Dearing sailed for France in January, 1918, as a second lieutenant with the 28th Infantry. With the exception of a few weeks in a French training camp, he had been at the front ever since,

having won his gold chevron for six months' active service.

On July 3, Lieutenant Dearing was cited in orders for conspicuous gallantry in leading a platoon at the battle of Cantigny on May 31. He was again honored on



LT. VINTON ADAMS DEARING

July 14, when he was made a staff officer for the occasion of the Bastille Day parade in Paris, and commanded a platoon of the troops reviewed by General Foch.

Immediately after Bastille Day he must have been returned to the front line, for he fell only four days later in the great battle of the eighteenth of July—a day when so many young Americans made the last great sacrifice.

From his station in the front line trenches he wrote to a friend in America: "You ask how I react to these experiences. Why, I don't seem to react. They just come in the natural course of events, and I swing along feeling that I am doing just what I should. Sometimes when you are marching at the head of a body of men, laden down with a steel stetson, gas masks, pack, field-glasses, pistol, and overcoat, balancing yourself with a cane—sometimes in the cold starlight all that seems to slip off, and like Hermes of old, you go along on winged feet and feel all the glories of the ages bearing you up. . . . We are not the heroes over here in spite of the hardships we occasionally endure—even if we do get the credit for it. The real heroes are those like my mother who stay at home and continue with their normal lives, but with the thought of the unknown ever present."

A cable sent to his mother which arrived the day before his death read: "Keep smiling. Love, Vinton." It was a message from a heroic valiant soul to all the "real heroes" of America.

A Village of Thieves

In some parts of India are whole villages of dacoits or highway robbers. But the gospel of Jesus Christ is no distinguisher of persons. Among the first converts in the Madira field were people from one of these villages of thieves, whose grandsons are many of them now pastors and teachers. But one village of thieves was untouched. It had a very bad name among the farmers and gave much trouble to the police. At last the burden of the village was laid upon the hearts of one of the Indian evangelists. Others, warning him of the danger, refused to help him; but finally he got a teacher to come and open a school, and together they preached the gospel to these thieves. When the missionary came to pitch his tent there, some implied that he was disgracing himself. It was the old story,—that "the Master associated with publicans and sinners."

Soon a few in the wicked village were baptized, and a Christian congregation was begun. But in the hot season, when food is scarce, a buffalo was stolen and killed. The police were summoned. The teacher,

fearing for his good name, deserted his work and his fellow-worker and ran away. As the buffalo was stolen in the Nizam's territory and killed in British territory, two sentences were meted out to the offenders, aggregating a year and a half. Usually such crimes received only a month or two, so that the men would live happily on good food in jail for a few months, during the hot season, and then return in time for their field work. But a year and a half in jail meant that the way of the transgressor was hard.

As often happens, the temporary setback to the process of evangelism worked good to the cause in the end. The people in the village began to suspect that there was something wrong with their mode of life. So when, answering the prayer of the faithful evangelist, another teacher came, who was not afraid and had the courage of his convictions, he found the people willing to listen. Thieving ceased, a good school was established, and the Christian congregation increased.

Finding that they no longer needed to hire watchmen to protect their cattle and crops, the Hindus in the vicinity declared that the village was reformed. Furthermore the police department commended the teacher for his good work. Cases of thieving had practically ceased, and a visit of the police to that place occurred rarely, instead of weekly or daily as before. The police inspector was so well pleased that he presented the mission with a palm-tree towards the building of a new school-house.

Best of all, the evangelist who first trusted in the word of God as redemption has won his reward.—*F. Kurtz.*

No one can measure the potencies of an awakened interest in a great subject or cause, like missions. Be an awakener.

The war has created new measurements for all Christian enterprises, and Christians must be ready to be measured.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

The work which the Y. M. C. A. is doing for the army and navy cannot be estimated. No such care for the physical, moral and spiritual wants of the men was ever known before. Be ready to do your share for the support of this essential aid in winning the war.



CONFERENCE GROUNDS AT CUMBUM

Eighty-Second Report of the Telugu Mission

The printed report of the American Baptist Telugu Mission for 1917, the 82d year of the Mission, has come to hand. W. A. Stanton is editor, F. Kurtz statistician, A. M. Boggs editor of Conference Minutes. A good portrait of Foreign Secretary Robbins forms the frontispiece, and this reference is made to his visit to the Conference:

The Annual Conference of the Mission was held at Cumbum, December 28th, 1917—January 4th, 1918. It was one of the most largely attended and delightful Conferences held in recent years. The feature of the Conference was the presence with us of Foreign Secretary Rev. Joseph C. Robbins and Mrs. Robbins and Mr. Fielder. Secretary Robbins, in his opening address to Conference, won all hearts and deeply impressed the Conference with his sincerity of purpose and his profound convictions. It was felt at once that we had in him not the Secretary but the man—one who had come among us, as he said, not to teach but to learn. All through the sessions of the Conference his presence was felt. With rare skill and tact he unravelled the tangle over the Ongole Hospital and many a time during the discussions of Conference when things began to get a little hot, he poured oil on the troubled waters. His presence was a benediction and a blessing. Our only regret was that his stay in our midst was necessarily so brief, but we shall look with eagerness for his return to our Missions at no distant day, when he will have time to visit all our stations and thoroughly study the problems of this great Mission.

The Conference was said to mark a great advance in the Mission. The report gives first a Missionary Directory. We note that the missionaries on the field longest in service are Rev. E. Bullard, appointed in 1870, and Dr. and Mrs. Downie, 1873. Of the 85 missionaries on the field 48 entered service since 1900; of the 30 on furlough 8 were appointed since 1909. The general survey fills 26 close pages, beginning with the political conditions. The year, it says, was momentous for India. The permeation of Indian society with western ideals, the spread of reform movements, and the advance of higher education, have created an intellectual class imbued with modern political ideas. The whole-hearted response of India to the call of the King-Emperor at the outbreak of the great War and her splendid contribution to the success of British arms on the battlefields of France, South Africa, Mesopotamia and Palestine have given her a new sense both of her responsibilities and privileges as an integral part of the Empire. Democratic ideas are finding congenial soil and ready response in the hearts of the educated classes. Coincident is a growing consciousness of nationality and demand for a larger share in administration. The vision of India as a self-governing colony, side by side with Canada, Australia and South Africa, has seized the

imagination of leaders who will be content with nothing less. The epoch-making pronouncement in Parliament on August 20th of a policy of self-government for India was hailed with delight. The British Secretary of State was sent to India to confer with all classes.

The effect of this political agitation on mission work, so far as the outcastes and middle classes are concerned, has been inappreciable, but work among the educated classes has been made more difficult. The gulf between East and West has widened, racial animosities have been aroused, reacting upon missionary work. The modern Indian is beginning to think he is sufficient unto himself and able to shape his own destiny. As he feels he no longer needs the white man's help, so he no longer needs his religion. The drift is away from Christianity. We cannot but feel that the Church has lagged far behind in the procession. Western science and civilization have far outstripped her. The mind of India has been informed before her heart has been reached. Long before this political crisis came upon us, the Church should have had a substantial hold upon this land. Christianity should have won its place to power both in the lives of the people and in the councils of the nation. Among the outcastes and middle classes we have no doubt that Christianity will ultimately triumph. But we covet the rich gifts of the Brahmin for our Christ. Viewing the situation today the high-caste Hindu seems far from the Kingdom.

Economically the year was trying. Prices enormously increased, so that famine practically prevailed, even though harvests were fairly good. The poor suffered great hardship, wages not increasing commensurately with prices. Plague and a virulent type of cholera and smallpox on a number of fields added to the distress.

The missionary force has been depleted to well-nigh the breaking point. "Notwithstanding repeated appeals urging the Board to send adequate reinforcements, we are not getting the men." (A lament that nearly every Mission is compelled to make and repeat, to a Board that has no power to get or send the needed workers under present conditions.) The

retirement is noted of Rev. E. and Mrs. Chute after 35 years of work in Palmur—Mr. Chute's monument.

The baptisms for the year were about 3,000, the average for some years past. The Erukala Settlement (Mr. Bawden's criminal colony) reports 26 baptisms. Touring was much interfered with by floods and epidemics, but many reports were encouraging. A condition is disclosed in Mr. Ferguson's statement that "Christian Indians are loyal but dissatisfied." Dr. Timpany of Hanumakonda reports that another church coveted the pastor of the Hanumakonda church, after the American fashion, but the call, though it offered him nearly double his present salary, was declined—not quite so American.

In education, the year was better than many anticipated. The Ramapatnam Theological Seminary had a maximum enrolment of 163, the work of the classes was kept up to normal through overworking of teachers, and during the year five bands of students went out on evangelistic tours. The three high schools for boys had a successful year. The same was true of the Girls' Schools, the Bible Training School for Women, and all the work of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society. The medical work is beginning to assume large proportions, seven hospitals now being in operation, five for women and children and two general hospitals, with a new one projected at Markapur. The industrial work carried on in our schools is fruitful. The special work under direction of Rev. Samuel Bawden at Kavali shows phenomenal growth, the enrolment December 31, 1917, being 1,393. There are now three Settlements practically, made up in Mr. Bawden's phrase of the Can't Works, the Won't Works, and the Will Works. Government meets the cost of this work, all except Mr. Bawden's salary, and the value of his reform efforts is recognized by Government and the communities.

It will be seen that the Report is a valuable document, showing the careful and conscientious work of a great Mission which is facing some of the most serious difficulties in its history, owing to changing world conditions and insufficient manning of the fields. Here is our opportunity.

An Unusual Testimony

The five days of the gospel campaign at Shanghai Baptist College were drawing to a close. The last sermon had just concluded with an evangelistic appeal. There was a moment's pause. At the back of the room rose a tall South China youth, and said in firm tones:

"When I was eighteen years old I wished to study English and told a friend that I thought of attending the mission school. But my friend tried to dissuade me, saying that such a course would be dangerous because in mission schools many become Christians. I told my friend that I was secure from such influences because I was strong-minded and would never become a Christian; but he insisted that in these schools they have many methods for converting their pupils, and he tried to dissuade me from going. On seeing that I was determined to go to this school, because I could get better English there than elsewhere, he made me promise not to become a Christian.

"In school they had prayers every morning and evening. I did not mind the morning ones, for then we all stood up. But in the evening they knelt down, and that made me very uncomfortable. I did not kneel but just stooped as if I were kneeling, because I was still determined not to become a Christian.

"After a while I wrote to my friend that I could not stay to the end of the term, I was so unhappy. But he advised me to stay in the school now that I had commenced.

"Everybody there was most kind to me, especially the teachers and the Christian students. One day the college Y. M. C. A. secretary spoke to me about Jesus and asked me to read the New Testament. This I promised to do, but as I read I became more unhappy than ever. While I read the Testament I began to look within myself, and soon found that I had no aim in life. I was just drifting.

"Soon I determined to accept the teachings of Christ without being a church member and without telling anyone. But my conscience troubled me and I used to stay awake nights thinking of the redeeming work of Christ. He bled for me; he

died for me; I must not be ashamed to own him.

"So I made up my mind to be baptized there where I was not known. Later, after some more thinking, I decided to wait till I got home, and so I was baptized there in the river before my relatives and friends.

"I am glad to give this testimony now, because I hope it will help someone here who feels as I did to decide to follow Jesus."

Thus ended Mr. Dai's testimony. But his story goes on, — to be continued in his work as president of the college Y. M. C. A., in his graduation, and the devotion of his life to the spreading of the gospel, — continued then in the lives of those he will lead to Christ. — *G. A. Hunley.*

Christian Preaching in a Factory

A year or more ago the owner of a factory for making spool silk, near Ota, Japan, himself not a Christian, invited two missionaries to speak to his employees. Says the missionary:

"He talked to us very freely of the lack of power in Buddhism, telling us how he had had priests preach regularly once a week for months at a time to his workers. But the lives of the priests, even more than the supine character of their vapid preaching, had convinced him no help could be gotten for his employees from that source; hence he had shut them off some time ago. He said that from what little he knew of Christianity he believed that was more worthy of acceptance and was perhaps the source of real spiritual help. He then asked us if we would be willing to preach to the mill hands, which of course we were only too glad to do. It was then arranged that he would close the work for the day at 5 P.M., instead of 6 o'clock, in order that these workers might hear the gospel. Mr. Watanabe had the whole force, consisting of 550 women and about 50 men, seated in one of the buildings, to which he accompanied us. His foreman introduced the Christian speakers and we had a good time presenting the simple gospel *ad libitum*. The owner has asked me to secure for him a good Bible woman who will be willing to live in the Dormitory and teach the women Christian truth and living."

Tried and True

Ah Tie was born in China. Several years ago he traveled across the line, as so many of his countrymen are doing, into Burma. His profession being along religious lines, he became a gnat devotee, later a general sort of magician, a sorcerer of some repute, and finally a Buddhist priest. For five years he practised as a phonyin or priest,—an unsatisfactory life to the aspiring Ah Tie, who gradually took to eating opium, in order that he might forget his troubles.

Having tried nearly all heathen cults and found them not good, Ah Tie cast eyes of interest toward the Roman Catholic missions. Before long he was accepted in their fold,—still an opium eater, still ignorant of the truth he professed, still unsatisfied. Thus it came about that after traveling through a maze of troubles our friend came freely at last to Christ,—under the guidance of a Baptist evangelist.

His trials have not been in vain. From his five years as a Buddhist priest, he can argue with any on the virtue or lack of it in the Buddhist "pali" scriptures; he knows Burmese better than most Burmans; he is especially able in debate; and, best of all, he knows he has found the truth at last.

As the first fruit of the labors of Ah Tie as an evangelist, twelve Chinese, eleven of whom were heads of families, were baptized the other day, in company with several boys from the mission school. The Burman boys will probably be turned out of their homes and the Chinese will be subjected to the even crueler hatred of their heathen families. But Ah Tie knows that the crown is worth the battle.—*Olieer H. Sisson.*

The Laos of Northern Siam believe in the reality of spirits; that the body is composed of thirty-two elements and each element is connected in some way with a spirit. Sickness is thought due to the escape of one of these elements, and the wandering spirit must be coaxed back. When the Laos people accepted Buddhism they simply added it to their animistic beliefs as a kind of veneer. Christianity is gradually delivering them from this spirit worship and fear, according to Rev. J. L. Hartzell, in the *Missionary Review of the World*.

Miss Fredrickson — An Appreciation

The death of Miss Anna E. Fredrickson in Rangoon, Burma, July 10, has thrown a dark shadow over the mission to which she has given twenty-six years of devoted service, and has saddened the hearts of her many friends in America.

Miss Fredrickson was born in La Porte, Indiana. After graduating from the Kindergarten Training School in Philadelphia she received appointment from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the West and sailed for Burma in 1892. Early in that year the English government had decreed that Froebel's methods of instruction should be introduced into all normal schools under government supervision. As Miss Fredrickson was a thoroughly trained kindergartner, the mission claimed her to inaugurate the new movement in the Kemendine Girls' School. She also had charge of a training class at the Rangoon College and made occasional visits to Moulmein and Bassein, to advise and assist them. Dr. Cushing wrote with enthusiasm of the teachers trained by her, adding, "Nothing will go wrong when Miss Fredrickson is in charge." But her great heart yearned to come into closer contact with the people in their homes than was possible when confined to the school room. When she could be excused from all the kindergartens she found her true place in evangelistic work in the Mandalay and Rangoon districts, for which she had eminent qualifications. Her strong, attractive personality, coupled with a fine command of the Burmese language, made her welcome not only among the women in the homes, but gave her respectful hearing from the men, even Buddhist priests. We recall one instance where a wealthy brother invited her to his house, in preparation spread the room with rugs, provided a chair for her and invited fifty of his Buddhist friends, who sat on the floor around her in Oriental fashion while they discussed the teachings of the Christian religion.

During the traveling season she went with her Bible women into the jungle villages, everywhere winning women and children with her message of love and light. In a single tour they often visited a hundred small villages, each with 300 to 700 homes. During the rains her work was confined to the city, where she carried on Bible training classes, women's meetings and superintended Sunday and day schools.

After the marriage of her associate, Miss Agnes Neilson, to Rev. E. B. Roach, as her health was rapidly failing, she went to the Nilgiri Hills in India, hoping to recuperate and thus defer her home furlough until the arrival of her newly appointed helper, Miss Mary E. Phillips. But the Master was calling her to the heavenly home, and very soon after returning to Rangoon, she crossed the threshold into the Bright Beyond. Miss Fredrickson's life and work will be one of the treasured possessions of our mission in Burma and of our Woman's Foreign Mission Society.

S.



Foreign Missionary Record

ARRIVED

At San Francisco, May 23, Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Hattersley and two children, of Rangoon Baptist college; Mrs. John McGuire and daughter Alice, of Insein, Burma; Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Gibbens and daughter Harriet, of Mongnai, Burma; Miss C. L. Johnson, of Tharrawaddi, Burma, with Watson Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, of Toungoo.

At Seattle, May 16, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Smith and two children from the Rangoon Mission Press; Mrs. Pettigrew of Assam.

MARRIED

Miss Ann Teasdale Howell to Rev. Douglas Gilbert Haring, of Tokyo, Japan, August 8, 1918.

BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Miner of Rangoon, Burma, a son, Arthur Willard, on July 3, 1918.

DIED

Mrs. A. E. Bigelow, at Iloilo, Philippines, on July 15, 1918.



Something to Think About

A daily newspaper puts the work of the Indian Commissioner in the following fashion:

Cato Sells, of Texas, is the biggest farmer, stockman, and country banker in the world. He also teaches 60,000 children what he thinks they ought to know — which includes how to earn a living. He runs high schools and colleges, but he takes particular pleasure in a multitude of little primary schools, each presided over by a dominie and his wife, who mothers the children and cooks their mid-day meal.

Besides all this, Judge Sells is attorney at law for more than 300,000 people in their disputes with the outer world. When they quarrel with one another, he is usually judge and jury too. The fact is, Mr. Sells is Indian Commissioner in the Department of the Interior at Washington. The Indians are "wards of the Nation," and the Commissioner stands for the Nation. The Nation is supposed to be civilized and the Indians uncivilized. And the Commissioner is expected to show the Indians how we do the thing — the thing that is called being civilized.

We also should learn. Here is the interesting point: In trying to show the Indians how to do it we can learn to do it a great deal better ourselves. A study of the operations of the Indian Bureau yields a great many suggestions as to the fine things we could do for ourselves, if we could only find a way to set up in New York City, Oskaloosa, and Cripple Creek a government as intelligent and as enthusiastic for progress as the Indian Bureau is.

What is civilization, anyhow? We are trying to give it to the Indians, but have we got it ourselves? Certainly we can have no very strong hold on it until we have grasped the idea that there are natural laws of social wellbeing, laws that we neither made nor can unmake, and that liberty and democracy consist in obeying

these laws, even in being compelled to obey them.

We do no violence to our democratic faith in imposing these laws upon the Indians; anybody that is able to do it has a right to impose them upon anybody else. The trouble with us is that we do not sufficiently understand them or respect them. The white should do for himself what Cato Sells is doing for the Red Man.

Making the Indian a Citizen

The ritual associated with the granting of citizenship to the Indians of the Standing Rock Reservation is picturesque and appealing. During the ceremony each candidate is handed a bow and arrow. As the arrow leaves the string Major McLaughlin repeats impressively: "You have shot your last arrow. That means that you are to live no longer the life of an Indian. You are, from this day forward, to live the life of a white man. But you may keep that arrow. It will be to you a symbol of your noble race and of the pride you feel because you come from the first of all Americans." A plough symbolizes the next step; then a purse to signify thrift; and finally an American flag to whose support the candidate pledges his hands, his head, and his heart.

Work for Self-Protection

How many of us realize that there are 3,000,000 non-English-speaking immigrants in the United States, more than 12,000,000 adult, foreign-born whites unable to read or write in any language and 9,000,000 whose reading is chiefly that of foreign-language newspapers?

That means that millions of our citizens are at the mercy of any anti-American propagandist who speaks their language.

The Department of the Interior, through the Bureau of Education, is asking volunteers for teaching English to the neighbor immigrant. Will you respond?

Perhaps You Can Help

You have doubtless heard of being "ten miles from a lemon," but how would you like to be "three thousand miles from a cake of soap"?

In a recent letter from Mrs. C. E. Conwell, the wife of our doctor in the Hospital at Puebla, Mexico, she says that the native soap is so poor it is impossible to use it, and asks that at least half a dozen boxes be sent from the States at once for use in the Hospital.

Soap is something Mexico does not want, really needs, and must be taught to use. Isn't there someone who would like to "*Help Clean up Mexico*"?

Soap is only one of the many things needed in this Hospital. They want tablecloths, three yards long, with napkins to match; twenty-five cotton blankets to use when bathing the patients at the bedside, conserving the woolen ones; traycloths also. If you have ever been ill you will appreciate how much the appearance of your tray counts when meals are served. All kinds of hospital supplies are needed, such as sheets, pillow slips, washable bedside rugs, spreads, gauze, bandages, cotton, etc.

This Hospital, which was opened in March of this year, has fifty beds, and Dr. Conwell treats over fifty patients daily in his clinic. Many hear the gospel for the first time while waiting their turn, for our Bible women and the native pastor mingled with the crowd distributing tracts and telling the "old, old story."

Further information concerning the Hospital or the shipment of the goods may be obtained by writing to The American Baptist Home Mission Society, 23 East 26th Street, New York City.

An Indian's Way

Hon. Gabe Parker is superintendent of the five civilized tribes of Oklahoma Indians. He is responsible for the annual handling of millions of dollars of tribal funds, and he is an absolutely "honest Indian." A few weeks ago a Creek Indian came to him with a story something like this:

"I'd like to buy some Liberty Bonds. I hear Uncle Sam needs some money so

as to fight. I can't fight now, but I can lend my money."

"Well, how much can you invest?" was the inquiry.

"My bank balance is about \$750,000," said the Indian. "I have a house, a farm patch, enough to eat. I spend very little, maybe-so \$125 a month. That's enough. I'll give all the rest."

Then suiting action to words, Jackson Barnett, an illiterate Creek and a Government ward, drew his check for \$650,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. "But hold on," said he, "I'd like to give outright \$50,000 to the Red Cross."

Jackson Barnett is a patriot, but that patriotism was made potent through faith in a man of his own blood, Gabe Parker.

Rapid Progress

The colored farmers in Virginia are beginning to see daylight in their upward struggle from poverty and ignorance. John B. Pierce, District Negro Agent in charge of Negro farm demonstration work, reports that in a single year over 4,400 colored farmers, with whom the Virginia county agents conducted demonstration work, raised practically all their home supplies; 969 opened new bank accounts, and 1,233 increased their bank deposits.

This is what has happened to some of the colored farmers' increased earnings, according to the District Agent's report: In Brunswick County one new patent roller mill was installed last year; in Carolina County two were installed; four churches were remodeled; in Carolina County eight graded school buildings were constructed at an average cost of \$1,500 each.

W. G. Young of Greenville County is one of the progressive farmers with whom demonstration work has been conducted. He owns 654 acres of land and has large barns and granaries sufficient to shelter all his live stock and feed, machinery and farm tools. His improved machinery includes a tractor engine, gang plow and disc, mowing machine, stalk cutter, manure spreader, corn, cotton and peanut planters, fertilizer drill, corn shredder and husker, and cotton gin. His success as a farmer is a great incentive to others.

New England District

From the interesting War Year Record of Missionary Giving issued by Rev. William A. Hill, joint Secretary of the New England District, we take some figures which show the growth in missionary interest since the joint agency has been in operation. Omitting Vermont, in which the experiment of the state collecting agency is being tried out, the total benevolences of the other five New England States have risen from \$162,497 in 1913-14 to \$202,499 in 1917-18. The per capita giving has advanced from \$1.02 to \$1.10. That is still a pitifully small figure. Of course this does not include the woman's societies. The total of the five years was \$912,816, of which the Foreign Mission Society received \$548,493; the Home Mission Society \$279,854; the Publication Society \$84,468.

The gifts from the churches and individuals in 1917-18 were larger by \$12,747 than the year preceding. Vermont was included in that year, so that the five states really gave more on the apportionment this last year than the six states in 1916-17. Besides that, the five states gave \$134,955 to the Laymen's Fund, as follows: Maine \$16,498; New Hampshire \$10,586; Massachusetts \$63,524; Rhode Island \$15,411; Connecticut \$28,935.

The 1,178 churches of the five states have 184,272 members, but 135,641 of these are resident, leaving the large number of 48,631 non-resident. This is one of the evils that ought somehow to be corrected. Nearly 50,000 members practically disconnected from the churches, with consequent loss to the churches and the spiritual life of the non-residents.

Last year 300 churches met their apportionments, 139 exceeded them, so that 439 out of 1,178 reached and exceeded apportionments. But 197 churches gave nothing. (It is safe to say that there are no clubs for MISSIONS in those churches.—Ed.)

The influence of Italian Missions is seen plainly in the larger proportion of volunteers that have come from among their attendants. The number of such volunteers is said to exceed the number of Italian volunteers from all other sources.

FIELD NOTES

Dr. Tomlinson, Executive Secretary of the Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board, recently received a letter from one of the beneficiaries of the Board who had arrived at his eightieth birthday. In his ministry he had preached 8,610 sermons, baptized 3,100, welcomed 5,200 new members and attended 2,850 funerals. The veteran writes, "We sing 'God will take care of you.' Through the Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board He is fulfilling His promise to me."

A young Italian from the Argentine Republic who has been in this country but three months was recently converted and it is expected he will join a Baptist church. Thus they come from East and West by many routes and are made one in Christ. Thus also as they go forth they spread the influence of the Christian faith in every land.

Mr. Cayer, one of our faithful French missionaries who recently became pastor of an English-speaking Church in New Bedford, Mass., in addition to his French pastorate, recently baptized ten converts, six English-speaking and four French-speaking. We believe this to be a unique occurrence.

A new catechism has been prepared by Victor J. Masters for the general reader and student on the Negro of the South. It answers many questions of importance. Pastors and committees on mission programs can secure copies from the Publicity Department of the Southern Baptist Home Mission Board, Healy Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

The workers of the Baptist, Congregational, Friends and Christian churches of Pasadena are assisting at the development of the Japanese Union Church of that city. A kindergarten, sewing class, and night school for instruction in English are features of the work. The wife of the pastor is described as a woman of charming personality and high education, who has had much experience in social and educational work in Japan.

Rev. G. I. Cardelliechis is hoping much from the religious and social work at the new quarters for Italians, "The Community House," at 18 Staniford Street in the polyglot west end of Boston.



A Successful Pageant

The picture shows the eighty people who gave a missionary pageant, written by Mrs. Vashti Chandler Potter, at the Baptist Temple, Marshalltown, Iowa. The pastor, Rev. R. B. Davidson, who sends the picture, says: "Our three chapters of the W. W. G. (Temple, Ella D. MacLaurin and Pathfinder) sponsored it, and these girls with very little outside help made up the entire cast. The pageant was beautifully costumed. It was given the first time on April 28th, and the church was packed, 1,100 people being present. Everybody was enthusiastic about it and we had to repeat it for those not able to get in the first time. As many people saw it the second time. We received offerings amounting to \$47.51, which were given toward the support of the missionaries our Iowa W. W. G. are supporting. We have created great enthusiasm for missions through the pageant throughout the whole city, and the young people of other churches are planning similar things. The production was under the able direction of Miss Alice B. Lincoln, a principal of one of our schools and a lifelong missionary enthusiast."

"The Indian Soldier"

The *American Indian Magazine* is published quarterly by the Society of American Indians, 797 20th Street, N. W. Washington. A recent number contains this tribute to "The Indian Soldier," by George Steele Seymour:

Lord of the mountain and the plain he stands,
Ready and prompt to take his country's part,
Erect, with steadfast eyes and willing hands
And loyal heart.

Like the proud eagle who on dauntless wing
Makes his unfettered way across the blue,
He knows no law but nature's, and no king—
But Manitou.

Out on the prairie at his wild sire's knee
He early learned all tyrants to despise,
The common hate of men by strength made free,
By courage wise.

So when the war-cry roused the peaceful morn
With its fell threat to all he holds most dear,
True to his blood, Columbia's eldest born
Responded, "Here!"

Son of a great, unconquerable line;
Into his hand put Freedom's holy grail,
And though for him it hold but Death's dark
wine,
He will not fail.

Mrs. Holt has contributed a Missionary Poem of very unusual breadth, beauty and power. — Ed.

MY PATH

BY ELIZABETH KENDRICK HOLT

The path from out my dooryard runs
Its happy, gentle way
Down thru the shady village street
Where neighbor children play.
It loiters by the village green
And rambles up a hill,
Then settles down to business
With more determined will;
For there it joins a long, white road
That sweeps into the town
Where men of many nations
Go plodding up and down.
It skirts the cheerless tenements
Where little children die
For lack of light and food and love,
While Plenty dances by.
Its cobbles pass a mile of mills,
Whose shrieking, whirling din
Shuts out all joyous, friendly sounds
From those who toil within.

It crosses over viaducts
And leaves the wharves below,
Where Orient cargoes spice the air
And transports come and go.
It circles thru the cotton-fields,
It marks the Red Man's trail;
It follows thru the Aztec's land,
It sights the coaster's sail.
By prairie, lake, and desert-rim,
Thru lumber-camp and mine;
O'er islands in a sapphire sea
Where heart and spirit pine;
By Rocky Mountain cataracts,
Where blushing orchards dream,
My own familiar pathway moves
To meet the sunset's gleam.

It leaps the wide Pacific
To greet a new Japan,
Which needs the culture of the Christ
To steady that of man.
It winds thru soul-bound China
And wide Siberian wastes;
By Burmese jungles, Hindu shrines,
To Africa it hastes.
The pilgrim mad for Mecca
Marks his length along my road;
Thru Ceylon and thru Syria
Creeps on the heavy load.

Thru Turkey and Roumania,
Thru Belgium and France,
Thru Russia, Poland, Serbia,
It bears the soldier's lance.
It's ruttled sore by smoking guns,
It's cratered deep by shells;
Its weary leagues stretch back and forth
Among a thousand hells.
Its dust is stained by bleeding feet
And wet with scalding tears:
It craves Judea's Comforter
To weep beside its biers!
At last it crosses England
And leaps the sea once more,
Again a happy, gentle path
To stop beside my door.

I wonder if I traveled it
The whole wide world around,
And learned by heart its ache and pain,
And heard each pleading sound;
Would I forget so easily
The multitudes of feet
Which tramp along its endless ways
Thru cold and wet and heat?
And would it seem, as now, to me,
So limitedly mine?
Or would I walk its length with Him
In ministry divine?

Reading, Mass.

The Most Powerful Service

A call to exercise the highest creative function of human personality. Taken from "Intercessors the Primary Need."

BY JOHN R. MOTT

Must not God wonder at the lack of intercessors in view of the fact that His mightiest works are manifested only in the pathway of unselfish and persevering intercession? The history of the Church and Christian experience shows conclusively that the workers and leaders who have accomplished most in extending and building up the kingdom of God have been those who gave to prayer for others and for interests outside of their own lives the foremost place in the use of their time and strength. Nor can we recall authentic instances of exceptions to this rule. For many years it has been my practice in traveling among the nations to make a study of the sources of the spiritual movements which are doing most to vitalize and transform individuals and communities. At times it has been difficult to discover the hidden spring, but invariably where I have had the time and patience to do so, I have found it in an intercessory prayer-life of great reality.

Above all, we ourselves must be burdened with a sense of the transcendent importance of increasing the number of men who will seek to release the power of God by prayer. The sufficient proof that we are thus burdened is what we do in our own secret hour of intercession. Mr. Moody used to say, "A man is what he is in the dark." We may test the strength and the purity of our desire and motive by what we do where God alone sees us. If there be genuineness and reality there, God will have His opportunity to break out through us.



The Lost Baptistry

The chapel cars are not alone the hope of the churchless towns, but scores of dead or dying churches have been revived through the chapel car missionary's help and inspiration, and have faced with new courage and faith the task of preaching Christ in communities where they had been almost a reproach.

To such a church in a town in Washington came Rev. and Mrs. T. S. Gale, with the "Messenger of Peace." The missionaries found a few discouraged church members who maintained in a hopeless sort of fashion a small Sunday school. In fact, they were on the verge of giving up entirely and closing the building, but the missionaries brought new hope and courage. The meetings were advertised, indifferent members rallied to help, outsiders came to see and hear, and the Lord gave a gracious revival. One night a fine high school boy was converted, and the next night he led his mother up the aisle to confess Christ.

Finally a group of converts were ready to be baptized. "Where shall we go for the baptism?" the missionary asked.

"I believe," said one who had been a member of the church for more than ten years, "there is a baptistry under the pulpit platform, but I have never seen it used."

"Oh, no," said others. "Surely we would have heard of it, if it were there. Besides, the carpet on the platform is securely tacked down, with no signs of anything but a solid floor beneath."

Finally the carpet was removed, and there was the baptistry that had stood idle for at least ten years. In a short time it was cleaned out and repaired, and the high school boy, his mother, and a number of other converts were impressively buried with Christ in baptism.

The revived church enthusiastically called a pastor, pledged the money for his

support, and bade godspeed to the chapel car that had brought them hope and courage and renewed faith in God.

The "Jesus Car" and the Indian

The things of civilization have not always brought unmixed good to the Indian. It is only when civilization is permeated and controlled by Christianity that real benefit results. The Crows of Montana, though slow to adopt the ways of the white man, have always been ready to see and to wonder at his inventions. So, when the chapel car "Emmanuel," with Rev. and Mrs. F. I. Blanchard in charge, came to Lodge Grass, close by the Crow Reservation, Jesus Crows and heathen Crows alike flocked to see. They were accustomed to the little Jesus House where Rev. W. A. Petzoldt has long explained to them the Jesus Road so plainly that many have started to walk in it, but a "Jesus car," with church and parsonage all in one, was indeed a nine days' wonder.

Among those who came again and again was Yellow Mule, great medicine man of the Crows. Stolidly he sat, listening intently but with no sign of emotion, while Mr. Blanchard, through an interpreter, told the story of Jesus and his love. Yellow Mule had heard the story many times before in the little Crow Baptist Church apparently without any impression. What thoughts passed through his mind in the car we cannot tell, for who can read the mental processes of the most reserved of all the races? But one day Yellow Mule came to the great decision—he would henceforth walk in the Jesus Way.

Perhaps no chapel car conversion has been more significant than this. Mr. Petzoldt says: "Yellow Mule has more influence among the Indians than the chief himself, and his coming will mean much to the cause."

Like Nebuchadnezzar — Almost

Chapel car missionaries need to be good mixers who feel equally at ease in the poorest shack or the finest home in town, for they must minister to all.

One day Rev. and Mrs. Hermiston were invited to visit Mr. E. D., who had just built a fine new home for himself, the best in many a mile. With great pride he conducted his guests through the rooms and pointed out the fine views from the windows.

"Those are my cattle," he said, indicating a sleek herd that grazed in a distant meadow.

Another window revealed rows and rows of fruit trees, giving promise of an abundant crop.

"That is my orchard," said he.

"That is very fine, Mr. D.," Mr. Hermiston assented. "You have a beautiful home, and much goods laid by for many days, but may I ask what you have laid up above?"

The man dropped his eyes. "I do not want to think about that," he said.

Before the chapel car left his neighborhood he was converted, and since then he has not failed to lay up treasure in heaven, for he has given largely of his means to advance the kingdom of God.

Work in Western Canada

This country is only seven years old. It suffered greatly from the financial depression prior to the outbreak of the war. The population of Edson once numbered about 1,500, today it is 500. There are few men here. The nearest place to Edson where there are possibilities of a Sunday school is Dandarand, fifteen miles distant. There are only 19 children there. The surrounding country for miles is occupied by homesteaders. Last week I made a trip on a cutter to locate a family of homesteaders. I missed the trail and spent three hours breaking a fresh trail through three feet of snow. It sounds different from the actual experience. On December 24th I made a trip over what is known as "The Grand Prairie Trail." The wind was blowing from the north, and the mercury was about 55 below. One travels miles in this country before striking

a home. The expectation of establishing Sunday schools is out of all reason.

My method is this: I have days set apart for "homesteading." On these days I take out Sunday-school lessons to the children, making them the extension of the Edson Sunday-school. This is the only way that these forgotten people can be reached. Understand that the trails in this country are largely corduroy — pretty rough traveling.

Do not expect the results here the same as in the States. We haven't the material. The big work lies in adults (on homesteads, who haven't seen a preacher for years) and foreigners; the woods are full of them. All the Canadians are conscripted and the foreigners run things. Miles separate the homesteaders. They are too far apart to make a central point to have a Sunday school. The work must be done by personal visitation.

"But One Police Force, The American Woman"

In putting out regulations the Food Administration says:

"The effectiveness of these rules is dependent solely upon the good will, and the willingness to sacrifice, of the American people. In the last analysis the success or failure of any plan such as here outlined rests with the people. We are dependent upon the cooperation of the trades. We have but one police force, the American woman, and we depend upon her to organize in cooperation with our State and local food administrators to see that the rules are obeyed by that small minority who may fail.

We believe this police force can be relied upon to do its duty. The American woman has not failed yet to bear her share of the war responsibilities and burdens. This is a new task, but she is equal to it. One thing however, should be kept in mind. Food conservation is not by any means simply the woman's or housewife's job. It belongs to the whole people. Nothing is asked of the wife and mother that is not asked also of husband and father and children. It is a joint program in which all are to participate cheerfully and gladly, helping to win the war."

A Page for Program News Committees

South America is thinly peopled. The Spanish and Portuguese governments, which divided South America between themselves in 1494, made little effort to attract immigration of their own people and denied admission to peoples of other lands. The lands were administered as crown colonies. Large land grants were made to court favorites. There was little opportunity for individual enterprise, even if the continent had been open to enterprising men. It was only after the Latin republics had thrown off the rule of Spain and Portugal that South America threw open her doors to the immigration of the world. But revolutions and epidemics decimated the populations, and the continuance of the great land holdings, which were just being broken up, prevented the close settling of the country, so that even now South America, with an area of 7,276,000 square miles as against North America's 8,559,999, has a population of only about 50,000,000. Yet she has millions of acres of soil as rich as the world knows, and mines whose richness passes belief, and waterways reaching to the heart of the continent, and opportunities almost unmeasured. Yet, perhaps, the greatest opportunity is the opportunity to preach the Gospel. — *Christian Herald*.

Scores of children are picked up on the streets of Buenos Aires and cared for by the Boca Sunday-school of the Methodist Episcopal Church, located in one of the neediest sections of the city. The police records state that there are 5,000 abandoned children on the streets. An influential magazine, "Munde Argentino," is doing its best to stir up the public mind to a realization of the neglect to which these children are subject. This publication states that the principal amusements of the children are gambling and smoking. The children of South America have not yet come into their own.

The first Baptist missionary appointed to China was a Virginian, a member of the First Baptist Church at Richmond. Rev. John Lewis Shuck came to China under the Boston Board (Missionary Union) in 1835. The following interesting story is found recorded of this pioneer: A missionary meeting was held, and a contribution was called for. The boxes were returned and the contents counted over:

bank notes, silver, gold. "There is a card—who put it in?" "A young man back in the congregation." "What is written on it?" "Myself." This was Shuck's offering—"himself." His fields were Macas and Hongkong. — *The New East*.

The wasteful and ineffective methods of the Indians in farming are outstanding. A missionary on his first hasty trip through the land noticed that practically nothing was done to replenish the used soil and that even the natural fertilizer was being taken from the ground and burned for fuel. The cattle keep the grass grazed close but give little milk; and in appearance they are merely "bundles of bones." It is fortunate that the Hindus eat no beef.

Ya-Li, the college of Yale-in-China, founded and supported by Yale men, graduated its first class last year. It has a staff of 25 American teachers, doctors and nurses, and 200 students.

In Moulmein, Burma, one Sunday-school teacher (Ma Shwe Me) has taught for thirty-three years, and another for twenty-two years, both without a break.

Inasmuch

BY ANNIE Q. CARTER

My lady's poodle rests on down,
Eats daintily, and, sated, sleeps;
An infant in an archway lies
On frosted stone, and starves — and weeps.

My lady's pet is very ill
(The luncheon was too rich for him)
And white-capped nurses lave his brow
And wait upon his lightest whim.

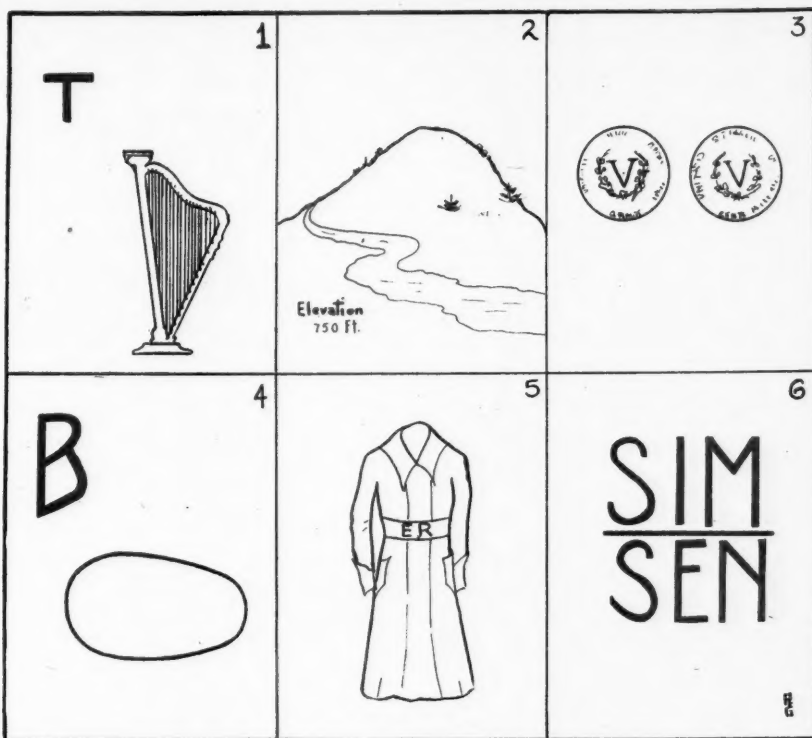
My lady's pet receives his friends
In curled and tassled dignity;
The babe has but a cotton frock —
The cast-off rag of charity.

Methinks my lady must have heard
The story of that ancient plea —
"I saw Thee not an hunger'd, Lord;
Athirst, or sick, when saw I Thee?"

And hark! An echo from the past
Rings down through all eternity —
"Ye did it not to these, my lambs,
And so you did it not to Me!"

MISSIONS' PUZZLE PAGE

By William B. Lippard



NO. 19. NEWLY APPOINTED WOMEN MISSIONARIES

Each of the above pictures represents a newly appointed missionary of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. The names can be found on page 528 of July Missions. Can you guess who they are?

WHAT WE OFFER

For a correct set of solutions and the best article not exceeding 150 words in length on the subject "The Work of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society" a first prize will be given consisting of a missionary library of five books. For the second best article with a correct set of solutions, Missions will give a well-known missionary book. For the third and fourth best articles with a correct set of solutions, Missions will give a year's subscription of the magazine. All solutions must be mailed not later than October 30, to be eligible. Address Missions Puzzle Page, 700 Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. F. L. Miner | 4. Miss Alma J. Noble (No-bell) |
| 2. Miss Ruth Shipley | 5. Cyrus Eaton |
| 3. I. L. Peacock | 6. Rev. G. N. Brink |
- Except in No. 4, the initials were not included in the pictures.

JULY PRIZE WINNERS

Another large number of replies were submitted in the July contest. The following prizes are awarded:

1. W. T. Roberts, Lansing, Michigan.
2. Frank C. Ward, Belleville, Kansas.
3. F. Harvey Morse, Maplewood, Missouri.
4. Mrs. E. A. Lloyd, Poughkeepsie, New York.

HONORABLE MENTION

Miss Hattie Anderson, Russell, Minn.; W. L. Anderson, Churdan, Iowa; Mrs. Chester J. Armstrong, North Billerica, Mass.; Elizabeth J. Bainbridge, Winthrop, Mass.; Harriet Bingham, West Chester, Pa.; T. M. Blakeslee, Ames, Iowa; Miss Etta E. Bridges, West Brookline, Maine; Miss A. E. Buck, Bangor, Maine; Mrs. J. M. Cheney, Coldwater, Mich.; H. A. Cole; E. Akron, O.; Mrs. E. T. Colson, Westport, Ind.; Leslie E. Dunkin, Franklin, Ind.; Mrs. F. K. Fowler, Minneapolis, Minn.; Eugene H. Fry, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Mrs. J. Willis Fulton, Newark, O.; J. N. Garst, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. J. E. Heist, Watkins, N. Y.; Miss Etta L. Jacobs, Brockton, Mass.; Mary P. Jayne, Pawnee, Okla.; Miss Elizabeth Johnson, Ladysmith, Wis.; Miss Rose M. Johnson, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mrs. W. A. Morgan, Jr., Westfield, N. J.; Mrs. Frank Nail, Tecumseh, Neb.; Margaret and Frances Price; B. P. Richardson, Hastings, Neb.; W. A. Sharp, El Dorado, Kan.; Mrs. M. C. Stone, Grimes, Cal.; R. T. Tumbelston, Philadelphia, Pa.; Samuel C. Welsh, Fairmount, Ill.

Financial Statements of the Societies for the Five Months Ended August 31, 1918

	Source of Income	Budget for 1918-1919	Receipts for 5 Months	Balance Required by March 31, 1919	Comparison of Receipts with Those of Last Year			
					1917-18	1918-19	Increase Decrease	
FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY	Churches, Young People's So- cieties and Sunday Schools.....	\$667,392.00	\$80,594.80	\$586,797.20	\$78,615.63	\$80,594.80	\$1,979.17	
	Individuals.....	300,188.00	13,098.55	287,089.45	8,654.96	13,098.55	4,443.59	
	Annuity Account.....	25,000.00	16,922.04	8,077.96	8,801.58	8,077.96	723.62	
	Legacies.....	100,000.00	29,154.52	70,845.48	12,969.96	29,154.52	16,184.56	
	Income from Investment of Funds.....	77,000.00	22,057.80	54,942.20	48,336.42	22,057.80	26,278.62	
	Miscellaneous.....	2,000.00		2,000.00				
	Totals.....	\$1,171,580.00	\$152,983.63	\$1,018,596.37	\$157,378.55	\$152,983.63	\$22,607.32	
	* Annuity Income was not deducted until March 31, 1918, last year.						\$27,002.24	
	HOME MISSION SOCIETY	Churches, Young People's So- cieties and Sunday Schools.....	\$302,929.00	\$48,306.60	\$344,630.40	\$48,023.17	\$48,308.60	\$285.43
		Individuals.....	109,382.00	1,573.19	107,808.81	4,480.98	1,573.19	
Legacies and Matured Annuities		125,000.00	26,004.76	98,995.24	70,128.27	26,004.76		
Income from Investments.....		126,650.00	43,190.57	81,459.43	40,034.83	43,190.57	5,155.74	
Miscellaneous.....		7,500.00	2,942.77	4,557.23	3,761.19	2,941.77		
Totals.....		\$761,461.00	\$124,018.89	\$637,442.11	\$166,428.44	\$124,018.89	\$5,441.17	
PUBLICA- TION SOCIETY		Churches, Young People's So- cieties and Sunday Schools.....	\$145,561.00	\$52,917.67	\$92,643.33	\$36,609.87	\$52,917.67	\$16,307.80
		Individuals.....	28,000.00	599.00	27,401.00	6,216.73	599.00	
		Legacies.....	10,000.00	4,029.66	5,970.34	6,123.34	4,029.66	
		Income of Funds, Annuities, Bonds, Specific Gifts, etc....	96,903.00	41,781.21	55,121.79	55,037.23	41,781.21	
	Totals.....	\$280,464.00	\$99,327.54	\$181,136.46	\$103,987.17	\$99,327.64	\$16,307.80	
	WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY	Churches, Young People's So- cieties and Sunday Schools.....	\$358,782.00	\$46,698.16	\$312,083.84	\$46,737.83	\$46,698.16	
		Individuals.....	65,000.00	8,014.95	56,985.05	5,162.70	8,014.95	2,852.25
		Legacies.....	12,000.00	4,490.08	7,509.92	9,104.82	4,490.08	
		Annuity Account.....	5,000.00		5,000.00			
		Income of Funds, Specific Gifts, Etc.....	16,500.00	40,69.15	12,430.85	4,693.05	4,069.15	623.90
Totals.....		\$457,282.00	\$63,272.34	\$394,009.66	\$65,698.40	\$63,272.34	\$2,852.25	
WOMAN'S HOME MISSION SOCIETY		Churches, Young People's So- cieties and Sunday Schools.....	\$244,800.00	\$29,984.48	\$214,815.52	\$33,472.49	\$29,984.48	
		Individuals.....	35,000.00	2,229.90	32,770.10	1,673.45	2,229.90	556.45
		Legacies and Matured Annui- ties.....	35,000.00	7,392.69	27,607.31	15,983.22	7,392.69	
		Income from Investments, Spe- cific Gifts, etc.....	35,662.00	7,434.81	28,227.19	6,661.63	7,434.81	773.18
	Totals.....	\$350,462.00	\$47,041.88	\$303,420.12	\$57,790.79	\$47,041.88	\$1,329.63	
							\$12,078.54	